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SATYRS

UPON THE

JESUITS:

Written in the YEAR 1679.

And some other

PIECES

By the same

HAND.

The Second Edition more Corrected.

LONDON:

Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*. 1682.

Advertiſement.

THE Author might here (according to the laudable cuſtom of Prefaces) entertain the Reader with a Diſcourſe of the Original, Progreſs, and Rules of Satyr, and let him underſtand, that he has lately Read Caſaubon, and ſeveral other Criticks upon the Point; but at preſent he is minded to wave it, as a vanity he is in no wiſe fond of. His only intent now is to give a brief account of what he Publiſhes, in order to prevent what cenſures he foreſees may colourably be paſt thereupon: And that is, as followeth:

What he calls the Prologue, is in imitation of Perſius, who has prefix'd ſomewhat by that Name before his Book of Satyrs, and may ſerve for a pretty good Authority. The firſt Satyr he drew by Sylla's Ghoſt in the great Johnſon, which may be perceiv'd by

by some strokes and touches therein, however short they come of the Original. In the second, he only follow'd the swinge of his own Genius. The Design, and some passages of the third were taken out of the Franciscan of Buchanan. Which Ingenuous confession he thinks fit to make, to shew he has more modesty than the common Padders in Wit of these times. He doubts, there may be some few mistakes in Chronology therein, which for want of Books he could not inform himself in. If the Skilful Reader meet with any such, he may the more easily pardon them upon that score. Whence he had the hint of the fourth, is obvious to all, that are any thing acquainted with Horace. And without the Authority of so great a President, the making of an Image speak, is but an ordinary Miracle in Poetry. He expects, that some will tax him of Buffoonery, and turning holy things into ridicule. But let them Read, how severely Arnobius, Lactantius, Minutius Felix, and the gravest Fathers, have rally'd the fopperies and superstitions of the Heathen, and then consider, whether those, which he has chosen for his Argument, are

not

not as worthy of laughter. The only difference is, that they did it in Prose, as he does in Verse, where perhaps 'tis the more allowable.

As for the next Poem (which is the most liable to censure) though the World has given it the Name of the Satyr against Vertue, *he declares 'twas never design'd to that intent, how apt soever some may be to wrest it. And this appears by what is said after it, and is discernable enough to all, that have the sence to understand it, 'Twas meant to abuse those, who valued themselves upon their Wit and Parts in praising Vice, and to shew, that others of sober Principles, if they would take the same liberty in Poetry, could strain as high rants in Profaneness as they. At first he intended it not for the publick, nor to pass beyond the privacy of two or three Friends, but seeing it had the Fate to steal abroad in Manuscript, and afterwards in Print, without his knowledg; he now thinks it a justice due to his own Reputation, to have it come forth without those faults, which it has suffer'd from Transcribers and the Press hitherto, and which make it a*

worse

worſe Satyr upon himſelf, than upon what it was deſign'd.

Something ſhould be ſaid too of the laſt Trifle, if it were worth it. 'Twas occaſion'd upon Reading the late Tranſlations of Ovid's Epiſtles, *which gave him a mind to try what he could do upon a like Subject. Thoſe being already foreſtal'd, he thought fit to make choice of the ſame Poet, whereon perhaps he has taken too much liberty. Had he ſeen Mr.* Sandys *his Tranſlation before he begun, he never durſt have ventur'd: Since he has, and finds reaſon enough to deſpair of his undertaking. But now 'tis done, he is loth to burn it, and chuſes rather to give ſomebody elſe the trouble. The Reader may do as he pleaſes, either like it, or put it to the uſe of Mr.* Jordan's *Works. 'Tis the firſt attempt, he ever made in this kind, and likely enough to be the laſt, his vein (if he may be thought to have any) lying another way.*

SATYRS

SATYRS
UPON THE
JESUITS.

PROLOGUE.

FOR who can longer hold? when every *Preſs*,
The *Bar*, and *Pulpit* too has broke the peace?
When every ſcribling *Fool* at the alarms
Has drawn his Pen, and riſes up in Arms?
And not a dull *Pretender* of the Town,
But vents his gall in *Pamphlet* up and down?
When all with licence *rail*, and who will not,
Muſt be almoſt ſuſpected of the *PLOT*,
And bring his *Zeal*, or elſe his parts in doubt?

In vain our *Preaching Tribe* attack the *Foes*,
In vain their weak *Artillery* oppose:
Mistaken honest men, who gravely *blame*,
And hope that *gentle Doctrine* should reclaim.
Are *Texts*, and such exploded trifles fit
T' impose, and sham upon a *Jesuit*?
Would they the dull Old *Fisher-men* compare
With mighty *Suarez*, and great *Escobar*?
Such thred-bare proofs, and stale *Antheristies*
May *Us* poor simple *Hereticks* suffice:
But to a sear'd *Ignatian*'s Conscience,
Harden'd, as his own Face, with Impudence,
Whose Faith in contradiction bore, whom Lies,
Nor non-sence, nor impossibilities,
Nor shame, nor death, nor damning can assail:
Not these mild fruitless methods will avail.
'Tis pointed *Satyr*, and the *sharps* of Wit
For such a *prize* are th' only Weapons fit:
Nor needs there *Art*, or *Genius* here to use,
Where *Indignation* can create a muse:

Should

Should Parts, and Nature fail, yet very ſpite
Would make the arrant'ſt *Wild*, or *Withers* write.
It is reſolv'd: henceforth an endleſs War,
I and my Muſe with them, and theirs declare;
Whom neither open *Malice* of the *Foes*,
Nor private *Daggers*, nor *Saint Omer's Doſe*,
Nor all, that *Godfrey* felt, or *Monarchs* fear,
Shall from my vow'd, and ſworn revenge deter.
Sooner ſhall falſe *Court Favourites* prove juſt,
And faithful to their Kings, and Countreys truſt:
Sooner ſhall they deteſt the tricks of *State*,
And knav'ry, ſuits, and bribes, and flatt'ry hate:
Bawds ſhall turn *Nuns*, *Salt* D——s grow chaſt,
And Paint, and Pride, and Lechery deteſt:
Popes ſhall for *Kings Supremacy* decide,
And *Cardinals* for *Huguenots* be tried:
Sooner (which is the great'ſt impoſſible)
Shall the vile Brood of *Loyola*, and *Hell*
Give o're to Plot, be villains, and rebel;

Than I with utmoſt ſpite, and vengeance ceaſe
To proſecute, and plague their curſed race.
The rage of *Poets* damn'd, of *Womens Pride*
Contemn'd, and ſcorn'd, ot *proffer'd Luſt* denied:
The malice of *Religious* angry *Zeal*,
And all, *caſhier'd reſenting Stateſmen* feel:
What prompts dire *Hags* in their own blood to (write,
And ſell their very ſouls to Hell for ſpite:
All this urge on my rank envenom'd ſpleen,
And with keen Satyr edg my ſtabbing Pen:
That its each home-ſet thruſt their blood may draw,
Each drop of Ink like *Aquafortis* gnaw.
Red hot with vengeance thus, I'll brand diſgrace
So deep, no time ſhall e're the marks deface:
Till my ſevere, and exemplary doom
Spread wider than their guilt, till it become
More dreaded than the *Bar*, and frighten worſe
Than damning *Popes Anathema's*, and curſe.

SATYR

SATYR I.

Garnet's *Ghoſt addreſſing to the* Jeſuits, *met in private Cabal juſt after the Murder of* Godfrey.

BY *Hell* 'twas bravely done! what leſs than this?
What *Sacrifice* of meaner worth, and price
Could we have offer'd up for our ſucceſs?
So fare all they, who e're provoke our hate,
Who by like ways preſume to tempt their fate;
Fare each like this bold medling *Fool*, and be
As well *ſecur'd*, as well *diſpatch'd* as he:
Would he were here, yet warm, that we might drain
His reeking gore, and drink up ev'ry vein!
That were a glorious *ſanction*, much like thine,
Great *Roman!* made upon a like deſign;

Like thine? we ſcorn ſo mean a *Sacrament*,
To ſeal, and conſecrate our high intent,
We ſcorn baſe Blood ſhould our great Leaguecement:
Thou didſt it with a ſlave, but we think good
To bind our Treaſon with a bleeding God.
Would it were *His* (why ſhould I fear to name,
Or you to hear't?) at which we nobly aim!
Lives yet that hated *enemy* of our *cauſe*?
Lives *He* our mighty projects to oppoſe?
Can *His* weak innocence, and Heaven's care
Be thought ſecurity from what *we* dare?
Are you then *Jeſuits*? are you ſo for nought?
In all the *Catholick* depths of Treaſon taught?
In *orthodox*, and *ſolid* pois'ning read?
In each profounder art of killing *bred*?
And can *you* fail, or bungle in your trade?
Shall one poor *life* your cowardize upbraid?
Tame daſtard ſlaves! who your *profeſſion* ſhame,
And fix diſgrace on our great *Founder*'s name.

Think

Think what late *Sectaries* (an ignoble crew,
Not worthy to be rank'd in ſin with you)
Inſpir'd with lofty wickedneſs, durſt do:
How from his Throne they hurl'd a *Monarch* down,
And doubly eas'd him of both Life, and Crown:
They ſcorn'd in covert their bold act to hide,
In open face of Heav'n the work they did,
And brav'd its vengeance, and it pow'rs defied.
This is his *Son*, and mortal too like him,
Durſt you uſurp the glory of the crime;
And dare ye not? I know, you ſcorn to be
By ſuch as *they*, out-done in villany,
Your proper *province*; true, you urg'd them on,
Were engins in the fact, but they alone
Share all the open credit, and renown.
But hold! I wrong our *Church*, and *Cauſe*, which need
No forein inſtance, nor what others did:
Think on that matchleſs *Aſſaſſin*, whoſe name
We with juſt pride can make our happy claim;

He, who at killing of an *Emperor*,
To give his poiſon ſtronger force, and pow'r
Mixt a *God* with't, and made it work more ſure:
Bleſt memory! which ſhall through Age to come
Stand ſacred in the liſts of *Hell*, and *Rome*.
Let our great *Clement*, and *Ravillac*'s name,
Your Spirits to like heights of ſin inflame;
Thoſe mighty *Souls*, who bravely choſe to die
Thave each a *Royal Ghoſt* their company:
Heroick Act! and worth their tortures well,
Well worth the ſuff'ring of a double Hell,
That, they felt here, and that below, they feel.
And if theſe cannot move you, as they ſhou'd,
Let *me*, and *my example* fire your blood:
Think on my vaſt attempt, a glorious deed,
Which durſt the Fates have ſuffer'd to ſucceed,
Had rival'd *Hells* moſt proud *exploit*, and *boaſt*,
Ev'n *that*, which wou'd the *King of fates* depos'd,
Curſt be the day, and ne'er in time inrol'd,
And curſt the Star, whoſe ſpiteful influence rul'd
The luckleſs Minute, which my project ſpoil'd:

Curſe

Curse on that *Pow'r*, who, of himself afraid,
My glory with my brave design betray'd:
Justly he fear'd, lest I, who strook so high
In guilt, should next blow up his Realm, and Sky:
And so I had; at least I would have durst,
And failing, had got off with Fame at worst.
Had you but half my bravery in Sin,
Your work had never thus unfinish'd bin:
Had I bin Man, and the great act to do;
H'ad dy'd by this, and bin what I am now,
Or what *His Father* is: I would leap Hell
To reach *His* Life, tho in the midst I fell,
And deeper than before.——
Let rabble Souls, of narrow aim, and reach,
Stoop their vile Necks, and dull Obedience preach:
Let them with slavish aw (disdain'd by me)
Adore the purple Rag of Majesty,
And think't a sacred Relick of the Sky:
Well may such Fools a base Subjection own,
Vassals to every *Ass*, that loads a Throne:

Unlike the ſoul, with which proud I was born,
Who could that ſneaking thing a *Monarch* ſcorn,
Spurn off a Crown, and ſet my ſoot in ſport
Upon the head, that wore it, trod in dirt.
But ſay, what is't, that binds your hands? do's fear
From ſuch a glorious action you deter?
Or is't Religion? but you ſure diſclaim
That frivolous pretence, that empty name:
Meer bugbear word, devis'd by *Us* to ſeare
The ſenſleſs rout to ſlaviſhneſs, and fear,
Ne're known to aw the brave, and thoſe, that dare.
Such weak, and feeble things may ſerve for checks
To rein, and curb baſe-mettled *Hereticks*;
Dull creatures, whoſe nice bogling conſciences
Startle, or ſtrain at ſuch ſlight crimes as theſe;
Such, whom fond inbred honeſty befools,
Or that old muſty piece the *Bible* gulls:
That hated *Book*, the bulwark of our *foes*,
Whereby they ſtill uphold their tott'ring cauſe.

Let

Let no such toys mislead you from the road
Of glory, nor infect your Souls with good:
Let never bold incroaching Virtue dare
With her grim holy face to enter there,
No, not in very *Dream:* have only will
Like *Fiends*, and *Me* to covet, and act ill:
Let true substantial wickedness take place,
Usurp, and Reign; let it the very trace,
(If any yet be left) of good deface.
If ever qualms of inward cowardice
(The things, which some dull sots call conscience) rise,
Let them in steams of Blood, and slaughter drown,
Or with new weights of guilt still press 'em down.
Shame, Faith, Religion, Honor, Loyalty,
Nature it self, whatever checks there be
To loose, and uncontroul'd impiety,
Be all extinct in you; own no remorse
But that you've balk'd a sin, have been no worse,
Or too much pity shewn.—

Be diligent in miſchiefs Trade, be each
Performing as a *Dev'l*; nor ſtick to reach
At Crimes moſt dangerous; where bold deſpair,
Mad luſt, and heedleſs blind revenge would ne're
Ev'n look, march you without a bluſh, or fear,
Inflam'd by all the hazards, that oppoſe,
And firm, as burning *Martyrs*, to your *Cauſe*.
Then you're true *Jeſuits*, then you're fit to be
Diſciples of great *Loyola*, and *Me*:
Worthy to *undertake*, worthy a *Plot*,
Like *this*, and fit to ſcourge an *Huguenot*.
Plagues on that *Name!* may ſwift confuſion ſeize,
And utterly blot out the curſed Race:
Thrice damn'd be that *Apoſtate Monk*, from whom
Sprung firſt theſe *Enemies* of *Us*, and *Rome*:
Whoſe pois'nous Filth, dropt from ingend'ring Brain,
By monſtrous Birth did the vile *Inſects* ſpawn,
Which now inſeſt each Country, and defile
With their o'reſpreading ſwarms this goodly *Ile*.

Once

Once it was ours, and ſubject to our Yoke,
Till a late *reigning Witch* th' Enchantment broke:
It ſhall again: *Hell*, and I ſay't: have ye
But courage to make good the Propheſie:
Not fate it ſelf ſhall hinder.——

Too ſparing was the time, too mild the day,
When our great *Mary* bore the *Engliſh* ſway:
Unqueen-like pity marr'd her Royal Pow'r,
Nor was her *Purple* dy'd enough in Gore.
Four, or five hundred, ſuch like petty ſum
Might fall perhaps a Sacrifice to *Rome*,
Scarce worth the naming: had I had the Pow'r,
Or been thought fit t'have been her *Counſellor*,
She ſhould have rais'd it to a nobler ſcore.
Big *Bonfires* ſhould have blaz'd, and ſhone each day,
To tell our Triumphs, and make bright our way:
And when 'twas dark, in every Lane, and Street
Thick flaming *Heretick*s ſhould ſerve to light
And ſave the needleſs Charge of *Links* by night:

Smithfield should still have kept a constant fire,
Which never should be quench'd, never expire,
But with the lives of all the *miscreant rout*,
Till the last gasping breath had blown it out.
So *Nero* did, such was the prudent course
Taken by all his mighty Successors,
To tame *like Hereticks* of old by force:
They scorn'd dull reason, and pedantick rules
To conquer, and reduce the harden'd *Fools*:
Racks, Gibbets, Halters were their arguments,
Which did most undeniably convince:
Grave bearded *Lions* manag'd the dispute,
And reverend *Bears* their doctrins did confute:
And all, who would stand out in stiff defence,
They gently *claw'd*, and *worried* into sence:
Better than all our *Sorbon dotards* now,
Who would by dint of words our *Foes* subdue.
This was the rigid *Discipline* of old,
Which modern sots for *Persecution* hold:

Of

Of which dull *Annalists* in story tell
Strange *Legends*, and huge bulky *Volumes* swell
With *Martyr'd Fools*, that lost their way to Hell.
From these, our *Church*'s glorious *Ancestors*,
We've learnt our arts, and made their methods ours:
Nor have we come behind, the least degree,
In acts of rough and manly cruelty:
Converting Faggots, and the pow'rful stake,
And Sword resistless our *Apostles* make.
This heretofore *Bohemia* felt, and thus
Were all the num'rous *Proselytes* of *Huß*
Crush'd with their head: So *Waldo*'s cursed rout,
And those of *Wickliff* here were rooted out, (chose,
Their names scarce left.—Sure were the means, we
And wrought prevailingly: *Fire* purg'd the dross
Of those foul *Heresies*, and sovereign *Steel*
Lopt off th' infected Limbs the *Church* to heal.
Renown'd was that *French Brave*, renown'd his deed,
A deed, for which the day deserves its *red* (deed,
Far more than for a paltry *Saint*, that died:

Of

How

How-goodly was the Sight! how fine the Show!
When *Paris* saw through all its Channels flow
The blood of *Huguenots*; when the full *Sein*
Swell'd with the flood, its Banks with joy o're-ran!
He scorn'd like common Murderers to deal
By parcels, and piecemeal; he scorn'd *Retail*
I'th' Trade of Death: whole Myriads died by th' great,
Soon as one single life; so quick their Fate,
Their very Pray'rs, and Wishes came too late.
This a *King* did: and great, and mighty 'twas,
Worthy his high Degree, and Pow'r, and Place,
And worthy our *Religion*, and our *Cause*:
Unmatch'd 't had been, had not *Mac-quire* arose,
The bold *Mac-quire* (who, read in modern Fame,
Can be a Stranger to his Worth, and Name?)
Born to outsin a *Monarch*, born to *Reign*
In Guilt, and all Competitors disdain:
Dread memory! whose each mention still can make
Pale *Heretick*s with trembling Horror quake.

T'undo a *Kingdom*, to atchieve a crime
Like his; who would not fall and die like him?
Never had *Rome* a nobler ſervice done,
Never had *Hell*; each day came thronging down
Vaſt ſhoals of Ghoſts, and *mine* was pleas'd, & glad,
And ſmil'd, when it the brave revenge ſurvey'd.
Nor do I mention theſe great Inſtances
For bounds, and limits to your wickedneſs:
Dare you beyond, ſomething out of the road
Of all example, where none yet have trod,
Nor ſhall hereafter: what mad *Catiline*
Durſt never think, nor's madder *Poet* feign.
Make the poor baffled *Pagan Fool* confeſs,
How much a *Chriſtian* Crime can conquer his:
How far in gallant miſchief overcome,
The *old* muſt yield to *new*, *and modern Rome*.
Mix *Ills* paſt, preſent, future, in one act;
One high, one brave, one great, one glorious Fact,
Which *Hell*, and *very I* may envy——
Such as a *God* himſelf might wiſh to be

A Complice in the mighty *villany*
And barter's *heaven*, and vouchſafe to die.
Nor let Delay (the bane of Enterprize)
Marr yours, or make the great importance miſs.
This *fact* has wak'd your *Enemies*, and their fear;
Let it your vigour too, your haſte, and care.
Be ſwift, and let your deeds foreſtall intent,
Foreſtall ev'n wiſhes, ere they can take vent,
Nor give the Fates the leiſure to prevent.
Let the full Clouds, which a long time did wrap
Your gath'ring thunder, now with ſudden clap.
Break out upon your *Foes*; daſh, and confound,
And ſpread avoidleſs ruine all around.
Let the fir'd *City* to your *Plot* give light;
You raz'd it half before, now raze it quite.
Do't more effectually; I'd ſee it glow
In flames unquenchable as thoſe below.
I'd ſee the *Miſcreants* with their houſes burn,
And all together into aſhes turn.

Bend

Bend next your fury to the curst *Divan*;
That damn'd *Committee*, whom the Fates ordain
Of all our well-laid *Plots* to be the bane.
Unkennel those *State-Foxes*, where they ly
Working your speedy fate, and destiny:
Lug by the ears the doting *Prelates* thence,
Dash *Heresie* together with their Brains
Out of their shatter'd heads. Lop off the *Lords*
And *Commons* at one stroke, and let your Swords
Adjourn 'em all to th' other world——

Would I were blest with flesh and blood again,
But to be Actor in that happy Scene!
Yet thus I will be by, and glut my view;
Revenge shall take its fill, in state I'le go
With captive *Ghosts* t'attend me down below.

Let these the Handsells of your vengeance be,
But stop not here, nor flag in cruelty.
Kill like a Plague, or *Inquisition*; spare
No Age, Degree, or Sex; only to wear
A Soul, only to own a Life, be here

Thought crime enough to lose't: no time, nor place
Be Sanctuary from your outrages.
Spare not in Churches kneeling *Priests* at pray'r,
Though interceding for you, slay ev'n there.
Spare not young *Infants* smiling at the breast,
Who from relenting Fools their mercy wrest:
Rip teeming Wombs, tear out the hated Brood
From thence, & drown 'em in their *Mothers* blood.
Pity not *Virgins*, nor their tender cries,
Though prostrate at your feet with melting eyes
All drown'd in tears; strike home, as 'twere in *lust*,
And force their begging hands to guide the thrust.
Ravish at th' Altar, kill when you have done,
Make them your Rapes, and Victims too in one.
Nor let gray hoary hairs protection give
To *Age*, just crawling on the verge of Life:
Snatch from its leaning hands the weak support,
And with it knock't into the grave with sport;
Brain the poor Cripple with his Crutch, then cry,
You've kindly rid him of his misery.

Seal up your ears to mercy, lest their words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your Swords
(Their tongues too) down their throats; let 'em not dare
To mutter for their Souls a gasping pray'r,
But in the utt'rance choak't, and stab it there.
'Twere witty handsom malice (could you do't)
To make 'em die, and make 'em damn'd to boot.
Make Children by one fate with Parents die,
Kill ev'n *revenge* in next Posterity:
So you'll be pester'd with no Orphans cries,
No childless Mothers curse your memories.
Make Death, and Desolation swim in blood
Throughout the *Land*, with nought to stop the *flood*
But slaughter'd Carcasses; till the whole *Isle*
Become one *tomb*, become one *funeral pile*;
Till such vast numbers swell the countless summ,
That the wide Grave, and wider Hell want room.
Great was that *Tyrants* wish, which should be mine,
Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin;

Freely I would beſtow't on *England* now, (grow,
That the whole Nation with one neck might
To be ſlic'd off, and you to give the blow.
What neither *Saxon* rage could here inflict,
Nor *Danes* more ſavage, nor the barb'rous *Pict*;
What *Spain*, nor *Eighty Eight* could ere deviſe,
With all its *Fleet*, and *fraight* of cruelties;
What ne're *Medina* wiſh'd, much leſs could dare,
And bloodier *Alva* would with trembling hear;
What may ſtrike our dire Prodigies of old,
And make their mild, and gentler acts untold.
What Heav'ns Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
Forein Invaſions, nor Domeſtick Wars,
Plague, Fire, nor Famine could effect or do;
All this, and more be dar'd, and done by you.
But why do I with idle talk delay
Your hands, and while they ſhould be acting, ſtay?
Farewell—
If I may waſte a pray'r for your ſucceſs,
Hell be your aid, and your high projects bleſs!

May

May that vile Wretch, if any here there be,
That meanly ſhrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any here feel pity, or remorſe,
May he feel all, I've bid you act, and worſe!
May he by rage of Foes unpitied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to Hell.
May's Name, and Careaſe rot, expos'd alike to be
The everlaſting mark of grinning infamy.

SATYR II.

NAy, if our ſins are grown ſo high of late,
That Heav'n no longer can adjourn our fate;
May't pleaſe ſome milder vengeance to deviſe,
Plague, Fire, Sword, Dearth, or any thing but this.
Let it rain ſcalding ſhowers of *Brimſtone* down,
To burn us, as of old the *luſtful Town*:
Let a new *deluge* overwhelm agen,
And drown at once our Land, our Lives, our Sin.
Thus gladly we'll compound, all this we'll pay,
To have this worſt of *Ills* remov'd away.
Judgments of other kinds are often ſent
In mercy only, not for puniſhment:
But where theſe light, they ſhew a Nation's fate
Is given up, and paſt for reprobate.
When God his ſtock of wrath on *Egypt* ſpent,
To make a ſtubborn *Land*, and *King* repent,
Sparing the reſt, had he this one Plague ſent;

For

For this alone his *People* had been quit,
And *Pharaoh* circumcis'd a *Proselyte*.

Wonder no longer why no *curse*, like these,
Was known, or suffer'd in the primitive days:
They never sinn'd enough to merit it,
'Twas therefore what Heav'ns just pow'r thought fit,
To scourge this latter, and more sinful age
With all the *dregs*, *and squeesings* of his rage.

Too dearly is proud *Spain* with *England* quit
For all her loss sustain'd in *Eighty Eight*;
For all the Ills, our Warlike *Virgin* wrought,
Or *Drake*, and *Rawleigh* her great Scourges brought.
Amply was she reveng'd in that one birth,
When Hell for her the *Biscain* Plague brought forth;
Great Counter-plague! in which unhappy we
Pay back her suff'rings with full usury:
Than whom alone none ever was design'd
T'entail a wider curse on Human kind,
But *he*, who first begot us, and first sin'd.

Happy

Happy the World had been, and happy Thou,
(Less damn'd at least, and less accurst than now)
If early with less guilt in War th'hadst dy'd,
And from ensuing mischiefs Mankind freed.
Or when thou view'dst the *Holy Land*, and *Tomb*,
Th'hadst suffer'd there thy *brother Trayter's* doom.
Curst be the womb, that with the *Firebrand* teem'd,
Which ever since has the whole Globe inflam'd;
More curst that ill-aim'd *Shot*, which basely miss't,
Which maim'd a *limb*, but spar'd thy hated *breast*,
And made th'at once a *Cripple*, and a *Priest*.

But why this wish? The *Church* if so might lack
Champions, *good works*, and *Saints* for th' *Almanack*.
These are the *Janizaries* of the *Cause*,
The *Life Guard* of the *Roman Sultan*, chose
To break the force of *Huguenots*, and *Foes*.
The Church's *Hawkers in Divinity*,
Who 'stead of *Lace*, and *Ribbons*, *Doctrine* cry:
Rome's Strowlers, who survey each Continent,
Its *trinkets*, and *commodities* to vent.

Ex

Export the *Gospel*, like mere *ware*, for sale,
And truck't for *Indigo*, and *Cutcheneal*.
As the known *Fallors* here, the *Brethren*, once
Swopt *Christ* about for *Bodkins*, *Rings*, and *Spoons*.
And shall these great *Apostles* be contemn'd,
And thus by scoffing Hereticks defam'd?
They, by whose means both *Indies* now enjoy
The two choice blessings *Pox*, and *Popery*?
Which buried else in ignorance had been,
Nor known the worth of *Beads*, and *Bellarmine*?
It pitied holy *Mother Church* to see
A world so drown'd in gross *Idolatry*:
It griev'd to see such goodly Nations hold
Bad *Errors*, and unpardonable *Gold*.
Strange! what a godly zeal can *Coyn* infuse!
What charity *Pieces of Eight* produce!
So you were chose the fittest to reclaim
The *Pagan* World, and give't a *Christian* Name.
And great was the success; whole Myriads stood
At *Font*, and were *baptiz'd* in their own blood.

Millions

Millions of Souls were hurl'd from hence to burn
Before their time, be damn'd before their turn.
Yet these were in compassion sent to Hell,
The rest reserv'd in spite, and worse to feel,
Compell'd instead of *Fiends* to worship *you*,
The more inhuman *Devils* of the two.
Rare way, and method of *conversion* this,
To make your *Votaries* your Sacrifice!
If to destroy be *Reformation* thought;
A *Plague* as well might the *good work* have wrought.
Now see we why your *Founder*, weary grown
Would lay his former Trade of *Killing* down;
He found 'twas dull, he found a *Gown* would be
A fitter case, and badge of cruelty.
Each sniv'lling *Hero* Seas of Blood can spill,
When wrongs provoke, and Honour bids him kill.
Each tiny *Bully* Lives can freely bleed,
When prest by *Wine*, or *Punk* to knock o'th' head:
Give me your through-pac'd *Rogue*, who scorns (to be
Prompted by poor Revenge, or Injury,
But does it of true inbred cruelty:

Your

Your cool, and sober *Murderer*, who prays,
And stabs at the same time, who one hand has
Stretcht up to Heav'n, t'other to make the Pass.

So the late *Saints* of blessed memory,
Cut throats in godly pure sincerity:
So they with lifted hands, and eyes devout
Said Grace, and carv'd a slaughter'd *Monarch* out.

When the first Traitor *Cain* (too good to be
Thought Patron of this black *Fraternity*)
His bloody Tragedy of old design'd,
One death alone quench'd his revengeful mind,
Content with but a quarter of Mankind:
Had he been *Jesuit*, had he but put on
Their savage cruelty; the rest had gone:
His hand had sent old *Adam* after too,
And forc'd the Godhead to create anew. (thought

And yet 'twere well, were their foul guilt but
Bare sin: 'tis something ev'n to own a fault.
But here the boldest flights of wickedness
Are stampt *Religion*, and for current pass.

The

The blackeſt, ugliеſt, horrid'ſt, damned'ſt deed,
For which *Hell flames*, the *Schools* a Title need,
If done for *Holy Church*; is ſanctified.
This conſecrates the bleſſed *Work*, and *Tool*,
Nor muſt we ever after think 'em foul.
To undo Realms, kill Parents, murder Kings,
Are thus but petty triſles, venial things,
Not worth a *Confeſſor*; nay, Heav'n ſhall be
It ſelf invok'd t'abet th' impiety.

" Grant, gracious Lord. (*Some Reverend Villain*
" That this the bold Aſſertor of our *Cauſe* (*prays*)
" May with ſucceſs accompliſh that great end,
" For which he was by thee, and us deſign'd.
" Do thou t'his Arm, and Sword thy ſtrength im-
" And guide 'em ſteddy to the *Tyrants* heart. (part.
" Grant him for every meritorious thruſt
" Degrees of bliſs above among the Juſt:
" Where holy *Garnet*, and S. *Guy* are plac'd,
" Whom works, like this, before have thither rais'd.

Where

"Where they are interceeding for us now;
"For sure they're there. Yes questionless, and so
Good *Nero* is, and *Diocletian* too,
And that great ancient Saint *Herostratus*,
And the late godly *Martyr* at *Tholouse*.
Dare something worthy *Newgate*, and the *Tow'r*.
If you'l de *canoniz'd*, and Heav'n ensure.
Dull *prim'tive Fools* of old! who would be good,
Who would by vertue reach the blest abode:
Far other are the ways found out of late,
Which Mortals to that happy place translate:
Rebellion, Treason, Murder, Massacre,
The chief Ingredients now of *Saintship* are,
And *Tyburn* only stocks the *Calendar*.
Unhappy *Judas*, whose ill fate, or chance
Threw him upon gross times of ignorance;
Who knew not how to value, or esteem
The worth, and merit of a glorious crime!
Should his kind Stars have let him acted now;
H'ad dy'd *absolv'd*, and dy'd a *Martyr* too.

Hear'st

Hear'ſt thou, Great God, ſuch daring blaſphemy
And letſt thy patient Thunder ſtill lie by?
Strike, and avenge, leſt impious *Atheiſts* ſay,
Chance guides the world, & has uſurp'd thy ſway:
Leſt theſe proud proſp'rous *Villains* too confeſs,
Thou'rt ſenſleſs, as they make thy Images.
Thou juſt, and ſacred Pow'r! wilt thou admit
Such Gueſts ſhould in thy glorious preſence ſit?
If Heav'n can with ſuch company diſpence;
Well did the *Indian* pray, *Might he keep thence!*

But this we only feign, all vain, and falſe,
As their own *Legends*, *Miracles*, and *Tales*;
Either the groundleſs calumnies of ſpite,
Or idle rants of Poetry, and Wit.

We wiſh they were: but you hear *Garnet* cry,
"I did it, and would do't again; had I
"As much of Blood, as many Lives as *Rome*
"Has ſpilt in what the *Fools* call *Martyrdom*;
"As many Souls as Sins; I'd freely ſtake
"All them, and more for *Mother Church*'s ſake.'

"For

For that I'll ſtride o're Crowns, ſwim through a Flood,
"Made up of ſlaughter'd *Monarch's* Brains, and Blood.
"For *that* no *lives* of *Hereticks* I'll ſpare,
"But reap 'em down with leſs remorſe, and care
"Than *Tarquin* did the Poppy-heads of old,
"Or we drop beads, by which our Pray'rs are told.
Bravely reſolv'd! and 'twas as bravely dar'd
But (lo!) the Recompence, and great Reward
The *wight* is to the *Almanack* preferr'd.
Rare motives to be damn'd for holy Cauſe,
A few *red Letters*, and ſome *painted ſtraws!*
Fools! who thus truck with Hell by *Mohatra*,
And play their Souls againſt no ſtakes away.
'Tis ſtrange with what an holy impudence
The Villain *caught*, his innocence maintains:
Denies with oaths the fact, until it be
Leſs guilt to own it than the perjury:
By th' *Maſs*, and bleſſed *Sacraments* he ſwears,
This *Mary's Milk*, and t'other *Mary's Tears*,
And the whole muſter-roll in *Calendars*.

Not yet ſwallow the Falſhood? if all this
Won't gain a reſty Faith; he will on's Knees
Th' *Evangeliſts*, and *Ladie's Pſalter* kiſs.
To vouch the Lye: nay, more, to make it good
Mortgage his Soul upon't, his Heav'n, and God.
Damn'd faithleſs *Hereticks!* hard to convince,
Who truſt no Verdict, but dull obvious Senſe.
Unconſcionable *Courts!* who *Prieſts* deny
Their *Benefit o'th Clergy*, Perjury.

Room for the *Martyr'd Saints!* behold they come!
With what a noble Scorn they meet their Doom?
Not *Knights o'th Poſt*, nor often Carted *Whores*
Shew more of Impudence, or leſs Remorſe.

O glorious, and heroick Conſtancy!
That can forſwear upon the *Cart*, and die
With gaſping Souls expiring in a Lye.
None but tame Sheepiſh *Criminals* repent,
Who fear the idle Bugbear, Puniſhment:
Your Gallant Sinner ſcorns that Cowardice,
The poor regret of having done amiſs:
Brave he, to his firſt Principles ſtill true,

Can

Can face Damnation, Sin with Hell in view:
And bid it take the Soul, he does bequeath,
And blow it thither with his dying Breath.
Dare such, as these, profess *Religion's* Name?
Who, should they own't, and be believ'd; would shame
It's Practice out o'th World, would *Atheists* make
Firm in their *Creed*, and vouch it at the Stake?
Is *Heav'n* for such, whose Deeds make *Hell* too good,
Too mild a *Penance* for their curs'd Brood?
For whose unheard-of Crimes, and damned Sake
Fate must below new sorts of Torture make,
Since, when of old it fram'd that place of Doom,
'Twas thought no Guilt, like this, could thither come
Base recreant Souls! would you have Kings trust you,
Who never net kept your Allegiance true
To any but *Hell's Prince?* who with more ease
Can swallow down much solemn Perjuries,
Than a *Town-*
Are the *French*

Our last blest *Tudor*? or the *Powder-Plot*?
And those fine Streamers, that adorn'd so long
The *Bridge*, and *Westminster*, and yet had hung,
Were they not stoln, and now for *Relicks* gone?
Think *Tories* Loyal, or *Scotch Covenanters*:
Rob'd *Tygers* gentle; courteous, fasting *Bears*:
Atheists devout, and thrice-wrack'd *Mariners*:
Take *Goats* for Chast, and cloyster'd *Marmosites*:
For plain, and open two-edg'd Parasites:
Believe *Bawds* modest, and the shameless *Stews*,
And binding *Drunkard Oaths, and Strumpet's Vows*:
And when in time these Contradictions meet;
Then hope to find 'em in a *Loyolite*:
To whom, tho gasping, should I credit give;
I'd think 'twere Sin, and damn'd like unbelief.
Oh for the *Swedish* Law enacted here!
No Scarecrow frightens like a *Priest-Guelder*:
Hunt them, as *Beavers* are, force them to buy
Their Lives with Ransom of their Lechery.
Or let that wholsome *Statute* be reviv'd,
Which *England* heretofore from *Wolves* reliev'd:

Tax

Tax every *Shire* inſtead of them to bring
Each Year a certain tale of *Jeſuits* in:
And let their mangled Quarters hang the *Ile*
To ſcare all future Vermin from the Soil.
Monſters avaunt! may ſome kind Whirlwind ſweep
Our Land, and drown theſe *Locuſts* in the deep:
Hence ye loth'd Objects of our Scorn, and Hate
With all the Curſes of an injur'd *State*:
Go, foul *Impoſtors*, to ſome duller Soil,
Some eaſier *Nation* with your *Cheats* beguile:
Where your groſs common *Gulleries* may paſs,
To *ſtar*, and *top* on *lubbed Conſciences*:
Where *Ignorance*, and th' *Inquiſition* Rules,
Where the vile Herd of poor *Implicit Fools*
Are damn'd contentedly, where they are led
Blindfold to *Hell*, and thank, and pay their Guide.
Go, where all your black *Tribe* before are gone,
Follow *Chaſtel*, *Ravillac*, *Clement* down,
Your *Catesby*, *Faux*, and *Garnet*, thouſands more,
And thoſe, who hence have lately rais'd the Score.

Where the *Grand Traitor* now, and all the Crew
Of his *Disciples* must receive their Due:
Where Flames, and Tortures of Eternal Date
Must punish you, yet ne're can expiate:
Learn duller *Fiends* your unknown'n Cruelties,
Such as no Wit, but yours, could ere devise,
No Guilt, but yours, deserve; make *Hell* confess
It self out done, its *Devils* damn'd for less.

SATYR III.

Loyala's *Will.*

LOng had the fam'd Impostor *found Succeſs,*
Long ſeen his damn'd Fraterniti's increaſe,
In Wealth, and Power, Miſchief, and Guile improv'd,
By Popes, and Pope-rid Kings upheld, and lov'd:
Laden with Tears, and Sins, and numerous Scars;
Got ſome it'h Field, but moſt in other Wars,
Now finding Life decay, and Fate draw near,
Grown ripe for Hell, and Roman *Calendar,*
He thinks it worth his Holy Thoughts, and Care,
Some hidden Rules, and Secrets to impart,
The Proofs of long Experience, and deep Art,
Which to his Succeſſors may uſeful be
In conduct of their future Villany.
Summon'd together, all th' Officious Band
The Orders of their Red-rid Chief attend;
Doubtful, what Legacy he will bequeath,
And wait with greedy Ears his dying Breath:

With such quick Duty Vassal Fiends below
To meet commands of their Dread Monarch go.
On Pillow rais'd, he do's their Entrance greet,
And joys to see the Wish'd Assembly meet:
They in glad Murmurs tell their Joy aloud,
Then a deep Silence stills th' expecting Croud.
Like Delphick *Hag of old, by Fiend possest,*
He swells, wild Frenzy heaves his panting Brest,
His bristling Hairs stick up, his Eye-Balls glow,
And from his Mouth long flakes of Drivel flow:
Thrice with due Rev'rence he himself doth cross,
Then thus his Hellish Oracles disclose.

Ye firm Associates of my great Design,
Whom the same Vows, and Oaths, and Order joyn,
The faithful Band, whom I, and *Rome* have chose,
The last Support of our declining Cause:
Whose Conqu'ring Troops I with Success have led
'Gainst all Opposers of our Church, and Head;
Who e're to the mad *German* owe their Rise,
Geneva's Rebels, or the hot brain'd *Swiss*;

Revolted

Revolted Hereticks, who late have broke,
And durſt throw off the long-worn Sacred Yoke:
You, by whoſe happy Influence *Rome* can boaſt
A greater Empire, than by *Luther* loſt:
By whom wide Nature's far-ſtretch't Limits now,
And utmoſt *Indies* to its Croſier Bow:
Go on, ye mighty Champions of our Cauſe,
Maintain our Party, and ſubdue our Foes:
Kill Hereſie, that rank, and pois'nous Weed,
Which threatens now the Church to overſpread:
Fire *Calvin*, and his Neſt of Upſtarts out,
Who tread our Sacred Mitre under Foot;
Stray'd *Germany* reduce; let it no more
Th' inceſtuous *Monk* of *Wittemberg* adore:
Make Stubborn *England* once more ſtoop its Crown,
And Fealty to our Prieſtly Soveraign own:
Regain our Church's Rights, the *Iſland* clear
From all remaining Dregs of *Wickliff* there.
Plot, enterprize, contrive, endeavour: ſpare
No toil, nor Pains: no death, nor Danger fear:

Reſtleſs

Reſtleſs your Aims purſue: let no defeat
You ſprightly Courage, and Attempts rebate,
But urge to freſh, and bolder, ne're to end
Till the whole World to our great *Caliph* bend:
Till he thro' every Nation every where
Bear Sway, and Reign as abſolute, as here:
Till *Rome* without Controul, and Conteſt be
The Univerſal Ghoſtly Monarchy.

Oh! that kind Heaven a longer Thread would give,'
And let me to that happy Juncture live:
But 'tis decreed!——*at this he paus'd, and wept,*
The reſt alike time with his Sorrow kept:
Then thus continued he——Since unjuſt Fate
Envies my race of Glory longer date;
Yet, as a wounded General, e're he dies,
To his ſad Troops, ſighs out his laſt Advice,
(Who, tho' they muſt his fatal Abſence moan,
By thoſe great Leſſons conquer, when he's gone)
So I to you my laſt Inſtructions give,
And breath out Counſel with my parting Life:

Let

Let each to my important words give Ear,
Worth your Attention, and my dying Care.
Firſt, and the chiefeſt thing by me enjoyn'd.
The Solemn'ſt tie, that muſt your Order bind,
Let each without demur, or ſcruple pay
A ſtrict Obedience to the *Roman* Sway:
To the unerring Chair all Homage Swear,
Altho' a Punk, a Witch, a Fiend ſit there:
Who e're is to the Sacred Mitre rear'd,
Believe all Vertues with the place conferr'd:
Think him eſtabliſh'd there by Heav'n, tho' he
Has Altars rob'd for Bribes the choice to buy,
Or pawn'd his Soul to Hell for Simony:
Tho' he be Atheiſt, Heathen, *Turk*, or *Jew*,
Blaſphemer, Sacrilegious, Perjur'd too:
Tho' Pander, Bawd, Pimp, Pathick, Buggerer,
What e're Old *Sodom's* Neſt of Lechers were:
Tho' Tyrant, Traitor, Pois'ner, Parricide,
Magician, Monſter, all, that's bad beſide:
Fouler than Infamy; the very Lees,
The Sink, the Jakes, the Common-ſhore of Vice:

Strait

Strait count him Holy, Vertuous, Good, Devout,
Chaſt, Gentle, Meek, a Saint, a God, who not?
Make Fate hang on his Lips, nor Heaven have
Pow'r to Predeſtinate without his leave:
None be admitted there, but who he pleaſe,
Who buys from him the Patent for the Place.
Hold thoſe amongſt the higheſt rank of Saints,
Whom e're he to that Honour ſhall advance,
Tho' here the Refuſe of the Jail, and Stews,
Which Hell it ſelf would ſcarce for lumber chuſe:
But count all Reprobate, and Damn'd, and worſe,
Whom he, when Gout, or Tiſſick Rage, ſhall curſe:
Whom he in anger Excommunicates
For *Friday* Meals, and abrogating Sprats:
Or in juſt Indignation ſpurns to Hell
For jearing holy Toe, and Pantoſle.
What e're he ſays, eſteem for Holy Writ,
And text Apocryphal, if he think fit:
Let arrant Legends, worſt of Tales, and Lies,
Falſer than *Capgraves*, and *Voragines*,

Than

Than *Quixot*, *Rablais*, *Amadis de Gaul*,
Is sign'd with Sacred Lead, and Fisher's Seal,
Be thought Authentick and Canonical.
Again, if he ordain't in his Decrees,
Let very Gospel for meer Fable pass:
Let Right be Wrong, Black White, and Vertue Vice,
No Sun, no Moon, nor no Antipodes:
Forswear your Reason, Conscience, and your Creed,
Your very Sense, and *Euclid*, if he bid.
Let it be held less heinous, less amiss,
To break all Gods Commands, than one of his:
When his great Missions call, without delay,
Without reluctance readily Obey,
Nor let your Inmost Wishes dare gainsay:
Should he to *Bantam*, or *Japan* command,
Or fartheſt Bounds of *Southern* unknown Land,
Farther than Avarice its Vassals drives,
Thro' Rocks, and Dangers, loss of Blood, and Lives;
Like great *Xavier's* be your Obedience shown,
Outstrip his Courage, Glory, and Renown;

Whom

Whom neither yawning Gulphs of deep Deſpair,
Nor ſcorching Heats of Burning Line could ſeare:
Whom Seas, nor Storms, nor Wracks could make
refrain
From propagating Holy Faith, and Gain.
If he but nod Commiſſions out to kill,
But becken Lives of Hereticks to ſpill;
Let th' *Inquiſition* rage, freſh Cruelties
Make the dire Engins groan with tortur'd Cries:
Let *Campo Flori* every day be ſtrow'd
With the warm Aſhes of the *Luth'ran* Brood:
Repeat again *Bohemian* Slaughters ore,
And *Piedmont* Vallies drown with floating Gore:
Swifter than Murthering Angels, when they fly
On Errands of avenging Deſtiny.
Fiercer than Storms let looſe, with eager haſte
Lay Cities, Countries, Realms, whole Nature waſte
Sack, raviſh, burn, deſtroy, ſlay, maſſacre,
Till the ſame Grave their Lives, and Names intert.
Theſe are the Rights to our great *Mufty* due,
The ſworn Allegiance of your Sacred Vow:

What

What else we in our Votaries require,
What other Gift, next follows to enquire.
And first it will our great Advice befit,
What Soldiers to your Lists you ought admit,
To Natives of the Church, and Faith, like you,
The foremost rank of Choice is justly due:
'Mongst whom the chiefest place assign to those,
Whose Zeal has mostly Signaliz'd the Cause.
But let not Entrance be to them denied,
Who ever shall desert the adverse Side:
Omit no Promises of Wealth, or Power,
That may inveigled Hereticks allure:
Those, whom great learning, parts, or wit renowns,
Cajole with Hopes of Honours, Scarlet Gowns,
Provincialships, and Palls, and Triple Crowns.
This must a Rector, that a Provost be,
A third succeed to the next Abbacy:
Some Princes Tutors, others Confessors
To Dukes, and Kings, and Queens, and Emperors:
These are strong Arguments, which seldom fail,
Which more than all your weak disputes prevail.

Ex-

Exclude not those of less desert, decree
To all Revolters your Foundation free:
To all, whom Gaming, Drunkenness, or Lust
To Need, and Popery shall have reduc'd:
To all, whom slighted Love, Ambition crost,
Hopes often bilk't, and Sought Preferment lost,
Whom Pride, or Discontent, Revenge, or Spite,
Fear, Frenzy, or Despair shall Proselyte:
Those pow'rful Motives, which the most bring in,
Most Converts to our Church, and Order win.
Reject not those, whom Guilt, and Crimes at home
Have made to us for Sanctuary come:
Let Sinners of each Hue, and Size, and Kind
Here quick admittance, and safe Refuge find:
Be they from Justice of their Country fled,
With Blood of Murders, Rapes, and Treasons died:
No Varlet, Rogue, or Miscreant refuse,
From Gallies, Jails, or Hell it self Broke loose.
By this you shall in Strength, and Numbers grow
And shoals each day to your throng'd Cloysters flow:

&c

So *Rome's* and *Mecca's* firſt great Founders did,
By ſuch wiſe Methods made their Churches ſpread.
When ſhaven Crown, and hallow'd Girdle's Power
Has dub'd him Saint, that Villain was before;
Enter'd, let it his firſt Endeavour be
To ſhake of all remains of Modeſty,
Dull ſneaking Modeſty, not more unfit
For needy flatt'ring Poets, when they write,
Or trading Punks, than for a *Jeſuit*:
If any Novice feel at firſt a bluſh,
Let Wine, and frequent converſe with the Stews
Reform the Fop, and ſhame it out of Uſe,
Unteach the puling Folly by Degrees,
And train him to a well-bred Shameleſneſs.
Get that great Gift, and Talent, Impudence,
Accompliſh't Mankind's higheſt Excellence:
'Tis that alone preſers, alone makes great,
Confers alone Wealth, Titles, and Eſtate.

Gains Place at Court, can make a Fool a Peer,
An Ass a Bishop, can vil'st Blockheads rear
To wear Red Hats, and sit in Porph'ry Chair.
'Tis Learning, Parts, and Skill, and Wit, and Sense,
Worth, Merit, Honour, Vertue, Innocence.
Next for *Religion*, learn what's fit to take,
How small a Dram does the just Compound make.
As much as is by the Crafty *States-men* worn
For Fashion only, or to serve a turn:
To bigot Fools its idle Practice leave,
Think it enough the empty Form to have:
The outward Show is seemly, cheap, and light,
The Substance Cumbersome, of Cost, and Weight:
The Rabble judg by what appears to th' Eye,
None, or but few the Thoughts within Descry.
Make't you an Engine to ambitious Pow'r
To stalk behind, and hit your Mark more sure:
A Cloak to cover well-hid *Knavery*,
Like it, when us'd, to be with ease thrown by:
A shifting Card, by which your Course to steer,
And taught with every changing *Wind* to veer.

Let

Let no Nice, Holy, Conscientious Ass
Amongst your better Company find place,
Me, and your Foundation to disgrace:
Let Truth be banisht, ragged Vertue fly,
And poor unprofitable Honesty;
Weaks Idols, who their wretched Slaves betray;
To every Rook, and every Knave a Prey:
These lie remote, and wide from Interest,
Farther than Heaven from Hell, or *East* from *West*,
Far, as they e're were distant from this breast.

Think not your selves t' Austerities confin'd,
Or those strict Rules, which other Orders bind:
To *Capuchins*, *Carthusians*, *Cordeliers*
Leave Penance, meager abstinence, and Prayers:
In lousie Rags let *Begging Fryars* lye,
Content on Straw, or Boards to mortifie:
Let them with Sackcloth discipline their Skins,
And scourge them for their madness, and their Sins:
Let pining *Anchorets* in Grotto's starve,
Who from the Liberties of Nature swerve:

Who make't their chief *Religion* not to eat,
And place't in naſtineſs, and want of Meat:
Live you in *Luxury*, and pamper'd *Eaſe*,
As if whole Nature were your *Caterers*.
Soft be your Beds, as thoſe, which Monarch's *Whores*
Lye on, or *Gouts* of *Bed-rid Emperors*:
Your *Wardrobes* ſtor'd with choice of Suits, more Dear
Than *Cardinals* on High Proceſſions wear:
With Dainties load your Boards, whoſe every *Diſh*
May tempt cloy'd *Gluttons*, or *Vitellius Wiſh*,
Each fit a longing *Queen*: let richeſt *Wines*
With *Mirth* your Heads Inflame, with *Luſt* your Veins:
Such as the Fiends of Dying *Popes* would give.
For *Cordials to prolong* their *gaſping Life*.
Ne're let the *Nazarene*, whoſe Badg, and Name
You wear, upbraid you with a Conſcious Shame:

Leave

Leave him his slighted *Homilies*, and *Rules*,
To stuff the *Squabbles* of the wrangling *Schools*;
Disdain, that he, and the poor angling *Tribe*,
Should Laws, and Government to you prescribe:
Let none of those good Fools your *Patterns make*;
Instead of them, the mighty *Judas* take.
Renown'd *Iscariot*, fit alone to be
Th' Example of our great Society:
Whose daring Guilt despis'd the common *Road*,
And scorn'd to stoop at Sin beneath a God.

And now 'tis time I should *Instructions* give,
What *Wiles*, and *Cheats* the Rabble best deceive:
Each *Age*, and *Sex*, their diffrent *Passions* wear,
To suit with which requires a prudent Care:
Youth is *Capricious*, *Headstrong*, *Fickle*, *Vain*,
Given to *Lawless Pleasure*, Age to gain:
Old *Wives*, in *Superstition* ever-grown,
With *Chimny-Tales*, and *Stories* best are won:
'Tis no mean *Talent* rightly to descry,
What several Baits to each you ought apply.

The Credulous, and easie of Belief,
With *Miracles*, and well-fram'd Lies deceive.
Empty whole *Surius*, and the *Talmud*: drain
Saint *Francis*, and Saint *Mahomet*'s *Alcoran*:
Sooner shall *Popes*, and *Cardinals* want Pride,
Than you a *Stock* of Lies, and Legends need.

Tell how blest *Virgin* to come down was seen,
Like *Play-House Punk* descending in *Machine*:
How she writ *Billets Doux*, and *Love Discourse*,
Made *Assignations*, *Visits*, and *Amours*:
How *Hosts* distrest, her *Smock* for *Banner* bore,
Which vanquish'd *Foes*, and murder'd at twelve (*Score*.
Relate how *Fish* in *Conventicles* met,
And *Mackrel* were with Bait of *Doctrine* caught:
How *Cattle* have *Judicious Hearers* been,
And *Stones* pathetically cry'd *Amen*:
How consecrated Hives with Bells was hung,
And Bees kept Mass, and Holy *Anthems Sung*:
How *Pigs* to th' *Rosry* kneel'd, and Sheep were (taught
To bleat *Te Deum*, and *Magnificat*:

How

How *Fly Flap* of Church-Censure Houses rid
Of Insects, which at Curse of *Fryer* dy'd:
How travelling Saint, well mounted on a Switch,
Rid *Journies* thro' the *Air*, like *Lapland Witch*:
And ferrying Cowls *Religious Pilgrims* bore
O're waves with the help of Sail, or Oar.
Nor let *Xavier*'s great *Wonders* pass conceal'd,
How *Storms* were by th' Almighty *Wafer* quell'd;
How *zealous Crab* the sacred Image bore,
And Swam a *Catholick* to the distant *Shore*
With Shams, like these, the giddy *Rout* mislead,
Their *Folly*, and their *Superstition* feed.

'Twas found a good, and gainful Art of Old
(And much it did our Church's *Pow'r* uphold)
To feign *Hobgoblings*, *Elves*, and walking *Sprites*,
And *Fairies* dancing *Salenger* a Nights:
White Sheets for *Ghosts*, and *Will-a-wisps* have past
For Souls in *Purgatory* unreleast.
And Crabs in Church-Yards crawl'd in *Masquerade*,
To cheat the Parish, and have *Masses* said.

By this our *Anceſtor* in happier Days,
Did ſtore of Credit, and Advantage raiſe:
But now the Trade is fall'n, decay'd, and Dead,
E're ſince *contagious Knowledg* has o're-ſpread:
With *Scorn* the grinning Rabble now hear tell
Of *Hecla*, *Patricks hole*, and *Mongibel*;
Believ'd no more, than Tales of *Troy*, unleſs
In *Countries* drown'd in *Ignorance*, like this.
Henceforth be wary how ſuch things you feign,
Except it be beyond the *Cape*, or *Line*:
Except at *Mexico*, *Brazile*, *Pegu*,
At the *Molucco's Goa*, or *Pegu*,
Or any diſtant, and *remoter Place*,
Where they may currant, and unqueſtion'd paſs:
Where never *poching Hereticks reſort*,
To ſpring the Lye, and make't their *Game*, and *Sport*.

But I forget (what ſhould be *mention'd* moſt)
Confeſſion, our chief Privileg, and *Boaſt*:
That Staple ware, which ne're returns in vain,
Ne're balks the *Trader* of expected Gain.

Tis

'Tis this, that spies through Court-intrigues, and brings
Admission to the Cabinets of Kings:
By this we keep proud Monarchs at our Becks,
And make our *Foot-stools* of their *Thrones*, and *Necks:*
Give 'em *Commands*, and if they *Disobey*;
Betray them to th' Ambitious Heir a Prey:
Hound the Officious Curs on Hereticks,
The Vermin, which the Church infest, and vex:
And when our turn is serv'd, and Business done,
Dispatch 'em for Reward, as useless grown:
Nor are these half the Benefits, and Gains,
Which by wise Manag'ry accrue from thence:
By this w' unlock the Miser's hoarded Chests,
And Treasure, though kept close, as States-mens Breasts:
This does rich Widows to our Nets decoy,
Lets us their Jointers, and themselves enjoy:
To us the Merchant does his Customs bring,
And pays our Duty, tho he cheats his King:
To us Court-Ministers refund, made great
By Robbery,, and Bank-rupt of the State:

Ours

Ours is the Soldier's Plunder, Padder's Prize,
Gabels on Letch'ry, and the Stew's Excise:
By this our Colledges in Riches shine,
And vy with *Becket*'s, and *Loretto*'s Shrine.

And here I must not grudg a word or two
(My younger Vot'ries) of Advice to you:
To you, whom Beautie's Charms, and gen'rous Fire
Of boiling Youth to sports of Love inspire:
This is your Harvest, here secure, and cheap
You may the Fruits of unbought Pleasure reap:
Riot in free, and uncontroul'd Delight,
Where no dull Marriage clogs the Appetite:
Taste every dish of Lust's variety,
Which *Popes*, and Scarlet Lechers dearly buy,
With Bribes, and Bishopricks, and Simony.
But this I ever to your care commend,
Be wary how you openly Offend:
Lest scoffing lewd Buffoons descry our shame,
And fix disgrace on the great Order's fame.

When the unguarded Maid alone repairs
To ease the burthens of her Sins, and Cares;

When

When youth in each, and privacy conspire
To kindle wishes, and befriend desire;
If she has Practis'd in the Trade before:
(Few else of Proselytes to us brought o're)
Little of Force, or Artifice will need:
To make you in the Victory succeed:
But if some untaught Innocence she be,
Rude, and unknowing in the mystery;
She'l cost more labour to be made comply.
Make her by Pumping understand the sport,
And undermine with secret trains the Fort,
Sometimes as if you'd blame her gaudy dress,
Her Naked Pride, her Jewels, Point, and Lace;
Find Opportunity her Breasts to Press:
Oft feel her Hand, and whisper in her ear,
You find the secret marks of lewdness there:
Sometimes with naughty sence her blushes raise,
And make 'em guilt, she never knew, confess;
"Thus (may you say) with such a leering smile,
"So Languishing a look your hearts beguile:

"Thus with your foot, hand, eye, you tokens ſpeak,
"theſe Signs deny, theſe Aſſignations make:
"Thus 'tis you clip, with ſuch a fierce embrace
"You claſp your Lover to your Breaſt, and Face:
"Thus are your hungry lips with Kiſſes cloy'd,
"Thus is your hand, and thus your tongue employ'd.

Ply her with talk like this: and, if ſh' encline,
To help devotion give her *Aretine*
Inſtead o'th' Roſary: never deſpair,
She, that to ſuch diſcourſe will lend an Ear,
Tho' chaſter than cold cloyſter'd Nuns ſhe were,
Will ſoon prove ſoft, and pliant to your uſe,
As *Strumpets* on the *Carnaval* let looſe.
Credit experience; I have tri'd 'em all,
And never found th' unerring methods fail:
Not *Ovid*, tho' 'twere his chief Maſtery,
Had greater Skill in theſe *Intrigues*, than I:
Nor *Nero*'s learned *Pimp*, to whom we owe
What choice Records of Luſt are extant now.
This heretofore, when youth, and ſprightly *Blood*
Ran in my Veins, I taſted, and enjoy'd:

Ah

Ah those blest days!—(*here the old Lecher smil'd,*
With sweet remembrance of past pleasure fill'd)
But they are gone! Wishes alone remain,
And Dreams of joy, ne're to be felt again:
To abler Youth I now the Practice leave,
To whom this counsel, and advice I give.
But the dear mention of my gayer days
Has made me farther, than I would, digress:
'Tis time we now should in due Place expound,
How guilt is after shrift to be atton'd:
Enjoyn no *sow'r Repentance*, *Tear*, and *Grief*;
Eyes weep no cash, and you no profit give:
Sins, tho' of the first rate, must punish'd be,
Not by their own, but th' Actor's Quality:
The Poor, whose purse cannot the Penance bear,
Let whipping serve, bare feet, and shirts of hair:
The richer Fools to *Compostella* send,
Tome *Rome*, *Monserrat*, or the *Holy Land*:
Pet Pardons, and the Indulgence-Office drain
Their Coffers, and enrich the *Pope's* with gain:

Make

Make 'em build Churches, Monasteries found,
And dear bought Masses for their crimes compound.
Let Law, and Gospel, rigid precepts set,
And make the paths to Bliss rugged, and strait:
Teach you a smooth, an easier way to gain
Heav'ns joys, yet sweet, and useful sin retain:
With every frailty, every lust comply,
T' advance your Spiritual Realm, and Monarchy:
Pull up weak Vertue's fence, give scope, and space
And *Purlieus* to *out-lying Consciences*:
Shew that the Needle's eye may stretch, and how
The largest *Camel-vices* may go thro'.
Teach how the *Priest Pluralities* may buy,
Yet fear no odious Sin of Simony,
While Thoughts, and *Ducats* will directed be:
Let Whores adorn his exemplary life,
But no lewd heinous Wife a Scandal give.
Sooth up the *Gaudy Atheist*, who maintains
No Law, but Sense, and owns no God, but *Chance*.
Bid *Thieves* rob on, the *Boistrous Russian* tell,
He may for Hire, Revenge, or Honour kill:

Bid *Strumpets* perſevere, abſolve 'em too,
And take their dues *in kind* for what you do:
Exhort the painful, and induſtrious *Bawd*
To *Diligence*, and *Labour* in her *Trade*:
Nor think her innocent Vocation ill,
Whoſe incomes do's the ſacred Treaſure fill:
Let Griping Uſurers Extortion uſe,
No *Rapine*, *Falſhood*, *Perjury* refuſe,
Stick at no Crime, *which covetous Popes would ſcarce*
All to enrich themſelves, and *Baſtard-Heirs*:
A ſmall Bequeſt to th' *Church* can all *attone*,
Wipes off all ſcores, and *Heav'n*, and *all's their own.*
Be theſe your *Doctrins*, theſe the *truths*, *you preach*,
But no forbidden *Bible* come in reach:
Your Cheats, and *Artifices* to *Impeach.*
Leſt thence Lay-Fools *Pernicious knowledg get*,
Throw off Obedience, and your Laws forget:
Make 'em believe't a ſpell, more dreadful far
Than *Bacon*, *Haly*, or *Albumazar.*
Happy the time, when th' unpretending Crowd
No more, than I, its Language underſtood!

When

When the worm-eaten Book, link'd to a chain,
In dust lay moulding in the *Vatican*;
Despis'd, neglected, and forgot, to none,
But poring *Rabbies*, or the *Sorbon* known:
Then in full pow'r our *Soveraign Prelate sway'd*,
By Kings, and all the *Rabble-World* Obey'd:
Here humble *Monarch* at his feet kneel'd down,
And beg'd the Alms, and Charity of a Crown:
There, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
Poor Scepter'd slaves ran *Henchboys* by his side:
None, tho in thought, his Grandeur durst Blaspheme
Nor in their very sleep a *Treason* Dream.

But since the broaching that mischievous Piece,
Each *Alderman* a *Father Lumbard* is:
And every Cit dares impudently know
More than a Council, *Pope*, and *Conclave too*.
Hence the late *Damned Frier*, and all the crew
Of former Crawling Sects their poison drew:
Hence all the Troubles, Plagues, Rebellions breed,
We've felt, or feel, or may hereafter dread:

Wherefore enjoyn, that no Lay-coxcomb dare
About him that unlawful Weapon wear;
But charge him chiefly not to touch at all
The dang'rous Works of that old *Lollard*, *Paul*;
That arrant *Wickliffist*, from whom our Foes
Take all their Batt'ries to attack our Cause;
Would he in his first years had Martyr'd been,
Never *Damascus*, nor the Vision seen;
Then he our Party was, stout, vigorous,
And fierce in chase of Heretick's, like us:
Till he at length, by th' Enemies seduc'd,
Forsook us, and the hostile side espous'd.
Had not the mighty *Julian* mist his aims,
These holy Shreds had all consum'd in flames:
But since th' immortal Lumber still endures,
In spight of all his industry, and ours;
Take care at least it may not come abroad;
To taint with catching Heresie the Crowd:
Let them be still kept low in sence, they'l pay
The more respect, more readily obey.

Pray that kind Heav'n would on their hearts di
A bounteous, and abundant Ignorance, (ſpenſe
That they may never ſwerve, nor turn awry
From ſound, and orthodox Stupidity.

But theſe are obvious things, eaſie to know,
Common to every *Monk*, as well as you:
Greater Affairs, and more important wait
To be diſcuſs'd, and call for our debate:
Matters, that depth require, and well befit
Th' Addreſs, and Conduct of a *Jeſuit*.
How Kingdoms are embroil'd, what ſhakes (Throne
How the firſt ſeeds of Diſcontent are ſown
To ſpring up in Rebellion; how are ſet
The ſecret ſnares, that circumvent a State:
How bubbled Monarchs are at firſt beguil'd,
Trepann'd, and gull'd, at laſt depos'd, and kill'd.

When ſome proud Prince, a Rebel to our
For disbelieving Holy Church's Creed, (Head,
And *Peter-pence*, is Heretick decreed;

An

And by a solemn, and unquestion'd Pow'r
To Death, and Hell, and You deliver'd o're:
Chuse first some dext'rous Rogue, well tri'd, and known
(Such by Confession your Familiars grown)
Let him by Art, and Nature fitted be
For any great, and gallant Villany,
Practis'd in every Sin, each kind of Vice,
Which deepest Casuists in their searches miss,
Watchful as Jealousie, wary as Fear,
Fiercer than Lust, and bolder than Despair,
But close, as plotting Fiends in Council are.
To him, in firmest Oaths of Silence bound,
The worth, and merit of the Deed propound:
Tell of whole Reams of Pardon, new come o're,
Indies of Gold, and Blessings, endless store:
Choice of Preferments, if he overcome,
And if he fail, undoubted Martyrdom:
And Bills for Sums in Heav'n, to be drawn
On Factors there, and at first sight paid down.

With, Arts, and Promiſes, like theſe, allure,
And make him to your great deſign ſecure.
And here to know the ſundry ways to kill,
Is worth the *Genius* of a *Machiavel*:
Dull *Northern* Brains, in theſe deep Arts unbred,
Know nought but to cut Throats, or knock o'th
No ſlight of Murder of the ſubt'leſt ſhape, (Hea
Your buſie ſearch, and obſervation ſcape:
Legerdemain of Killing, that dives in,
And juggling ſteals away a Life unſeen:
How gawdy Fate may be in Preſents ſent.
And creep inſenſibly by Touch, or Scent:
How Ribbands, Gloves, or Saddle-Pomel may
An unperceiv'd, but certain Death convey;
Above the reach of Antidotes, above the pow'r
Of the fam'd *Pontick Mountebank* to cure.
What e're is known to quaint *Italian* ſpite,
In ſtudied Pois'ning skill'd, and exquiſite:
What e're great *Borgia*, or his *Sire* could boaſt,
Which the Expence of half the Conclave coſt.

The

Thus may the buſineſs be in ſecret done;
Nor Authors, nor the Acceſſaries known,
And the ſlurr'd guilt with eaſe on others thrown.
But if ill Fortune ſhould your Plot betray,
And leave you to the rage of Foes a prey;
Let none his Crime by weak confeſſion own,
Nor ſhame the Church, while he'd himſelf attone.
Let varniſh'd Guile, and feign'd Hypocriſies,
Pretended Holineſs, and uſeful Lies,
Your well-diſſembled Villany diſguiſe.
A thouſand wily Turns, and Doubles try,
To foil the Scent, and to divert the Cry:
Cog, ſhamm, out-face, deny, equivocate,
Into a thouſand ſhapes your ſelves tranſlate:
Remember what the crafty *Spartan* taught,
"Children with Rattles, Men with Oaths are caught:
Forſwear upon the Rack, and if you fall,
Let this great comfort make amends for all,
Thoſe, whom they damn for Rogues, next Age ſhall ſee
Made Advocates i'th' Church's Litany.

Who ever with bold Tongue, or Pen ſhall dare
Againſt your Arts, and Practices declare;
What Fool ſhall e're preſumptuouſly oppoſe,
Your holy Cheats, and godly Frauds diſcloſe;
Pronounce him Heretick, Firebrand of Hell,
Turk, *Jew*, Fiend, Miſcreant, Pagan, Infidel;
A thouſand blacker Names, worſe Calumnies,
All, Wit can think, and pregnant Spite deviſe:
Strike home, gaſh deep, no Lies, nor Slanders ſpare;
A Wound, though cur'd, yet leaves behind a Scar.

Thoſe, whom your Wit, and Reaſon can't decry,
Make ſcandalous with Loads of Infamy:
Make *Luther* Monſter, by a Fiend begot, (Foot:
Brought forth with Wings, and Tail, and Cloven
Make Whoredom, Inceſt, worſt of vice, and ſhame,
Pollute, and foul his Manners, Life, and Name.
Tell how ſtrange Storms uſher'd his fatal end,
And Hell's black Troops did for his Soul contend.

Much more I had to ſay; but now grown faint,
And ſtrength, and Spirits for the Subject want:

Be theſe great Myſteries, I here unfold,
Amongſt your Order's Inſtitutes enroll'd:
Preſerve them ſacred, cloſe and unreveal'd;
As ancient *Rome* her *Sybil's* Books conceal'd.
Let no bold Heretick with ſawcy eye
Into the hidden unſeen Archives pry;
Leſt the malicious flouting Raſcals turn
Our Church to Laughter, Raillery, and Scorn.
Let never Rack, or Torture, Pain, or Fear,
From your firm Breaſts th' important Secrets tear.
If any treach'rous Brother of your own
Shall to the World divulge, & make them known,
Let him by worſt of Deaths his Guilt attone.
Should but his Thoughts, or Dreams ſuſpected be,
Let him for ſafety, and prevention die,
And learn i'th' Grave the Art of Secreſie.
But one thing more, and then with joy I go,
Nor ask a longer ſtay of Fate below:

Give me again once more your plighted Faith,
And let each seal it with his Dying Breath:
As the great *Carthaginian* heretofore
The bloody reeking Altar touch'd, and swore
Eternal Enmity to th' *Roman* Pow'r:
Swear you (and let the Fates confirm the same)
An endless Hatred to the *Luth'ran* Name:
Vow never to admit, or League, or Peace,
Or Truce, or Commerse with the cursed Race:
Now, through all Age, when Time, or Place soe're
Shall give you pow'r, wage an immortal War:
Like *Theban* Feuds, let yours your selves survive,
And in your very Dust, and Ashes live.
Like mine, be your last Gasp their Curse.——*At this*
They kneel, and all the Sacred Volumn kiss;
Vowing to send each year an Hecatomb
Of Huguenots, *an Off'ring to his Tomb.*

In vain he would continue;—Abrupt Death
A Period puts, and ſtops his impious Breath:
In broken Accents he is ſcarce allow'd
To faulter out his Bleſſing on the Crowd.
Amen *is eccho'd by Infernal Howl,*
And ſcrambling Spirits ſeize his parting Soul.

S A-

SATYR IV.

S. Ignatius *his Image brought in, discovering the Rogueries of the* Jesuits, *and ridiculous Superstition of the* Church of Rome.

ONce I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,
Thrown out a Pissing-post for every Dog:
The Workman yet in doubt, what course to take,
Whether I'd best a Saint, or Hog-trough make,
After debate resolv'd me for a Saint,
And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent:
And well I may resemble him, for he
As stupid was, as much a Block as I.
My right Leg maim'd, at halt I seem to stand,
To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* sustain'd.

My

My Sword, and Soldiers Armour here had been,
But they may in *Monſerrats* Church be ſeen:
Thoſe there to *bleſſed Virgin* I laid down
For Caſſock, Surcingle, and ſhaven Crown,
The ſpiritual Garb, in which I now am ſhown.
With due Accoutrements, and fit diſguiſe
I might for Centinel of Corn ſuffice:
As once the well-hung *God* of old ſtood guard,
And the invading Crows from Forrage ſcar'd.
Now on my Head the Birds their Relicks leave,
And Spiders in my mouth their Arras weave:
And perſecuted Rats oft find in me
A Refuge, and religious Sanctuary.
But you profaner *Hereticks*, who e're
The *Inquiſition*, and its vengeance fear,
I charge, ſtand off, at peril come not near:
None at twelve ſcore untruſs, break wind, or piſs;
He enters *Fox* his Liſts, that dares tranſgreſs:

For

For I'm by Holy Church in rev'rence had,
And all good Cath'lick Folk implore my aid.
These Pictures, which you see, my Story give,
The Acts, and Monuments of me alive:
That Frame, wherein with Pilgrims Weeds I stand,
Contains my Travels to the *Holy Land*.
This me, and my Decemvirate at *Rome*,
When I for Grant of my great Order come.
There with Devotion rapt, I hang in Air,
With Dove (like *Mah'met's*) whisp'ring in my ear.
Here *Virgin* in Galesh of Clouds descends,
To be my safeguard from assaulting Fiends.
Those Tables by, and Crutches of the lame,
My great Atchievments since my death proclaim:
Pox, Ague, Dropsie, Palsie, Stone, and Gout,
Legions of Maladies by me cast out,
More than the *Colledg* know, or ever sill
Quacks Wiping-Paper, and the Weekly Bill.

What

What *Peter*'s ſhadow did of old, the ſame
Is fancied done by my all-pow'rful Name;
For which ſome wear't about their Necks, and Arms,
To guard from Dangers, Sickneſſes, and Harms;
And ſome on Wombs the barren to relieve,
A Miracle, I better did alive.
Oft I by crafty *Jeſuit* am taught
Wonders to do, and many a juggling Feat.
Sometimes with Chaffing Diſh behind me put,
I ſweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-Houſe ſhut,
And drip like any Spitchcock'd *Huguenot*.
Sometimes by ſecret Springs I learn to ſtir,
As Paſte-board Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire:
Then I *Tradeſcant*'s Rarities out-do,
Sands Waterworks, and *German* Clockwork too,
Or any choice Device at *Barthol'mew*.
Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Prieſt
Inſtead of a Familiar poſſeſt.

The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
And cauſe Amazement in the gaping Rout.
Such holy Cheats, ſuch *Hocus* Tricks, as theſe,
For Miracles amongſt the Rabble paſs.
By this in their Eſteem I daily grow,
In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too.
This draws each year vaſt Numbers to my Tomb,
More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come.
This brings each week new Preſents to my Shrine,
And makes it thoſe of *Indian* Gods outſhine.
This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Croſs,
Another maſſie Candleſticks beſtows:
Some Altar Cloths of coſtly work, and price,
Pluſh, Tiſſue, Ermin, Silks of nobleſt Dies,
The *Birth*, and *Paſſion* in Embroideries:
Some Jewels, rich as thoſe, th' *Ægyptian* Punk
In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk.

Some

Some offer gorgeous Robes, which ſerve to wear
When I on Holydays in ſtate appear;
When I'm in pomp on high Proceſſions ſhown,
Like Pageants of Lord May'r, or *Skimmington*.
Lucullus could not ſuch a Wardrobe boaſt,
Leſs thoſe of Popes at their Election coſt;
Leſs thoſe. which *Sicily*'s Tyrant heretofore
From plunder'd Gods, and *Jove*'s own Shoulders tore.

Hither, as to ſome Fair, the Rabble come,
To barter for the Merchandize of *Rome*;
Where Prieſts, like Mountebanks, on Stage appear,
T'expoſe the Fripp'ry of their hallow'd Ware:
This is the Lab'ratory of their Trade,
The Shop, where all their ſtaple Drugs are made;
Preſcriptions, and Receipts to bring in Gain,
All from the Church-Diſpenſatories ta'en.

The Pope's Elixir, Holy Water's here,
Which they with Chymick Art diſtill'd prepare:

Choice

Choice above *Goddard*'s Drops, and all the Trash
Of modern Quacks; this is that Sovereign Wash
For fetching Spots, and Morphew from the Face,
And scowring dirty Cloaths, and Consciences.
One drop of this, if us'd, had pow'r to fray
The Legion from the Hogs of *Gadara*:
This would have silenc'd quite the *Wiltshire Drum*,
And made the prating Fiend of *Mascon* dumb.
That Vessel consecrated Oyl contains,
Kept sacred, as the fam'd *Ampoulle of France*;
Which some profaner *Hereticks* would use
For liquoring Wheels of Jacks, of Boots, and Shooes:
This make the Chrism, which mixt with Snot of Priests,
Anoint young Cath'licks for the Church's lists;
And when they're croft, confest, and die; by this
Their lanching Souls slide off to endless Bliss:
As *Lapland* Saints, when they on Broomsticks fly,
By help of Magick Unctions mount the Sky.

You

Yon Altar-Pix of Gold is the Abode,
And safe Repository of their God.
A Cross is fix'd upon't the Fiends to fright,
And Flies which would the Deity besmite;
And Mice, which oft might unprepar'd receive,
And to lewd Scoffers cause of scandal give.
Here are perform'd the Conjurings, and Spells,
For Christning Saints, and Hawks, and Carriers Bells;
For hall'wing Shreds, and Grains, and Salts, and Bawms,
Shrines, Crosses, Medals, Shells, and Waxen Lambs:
Of wondrous virtue all (you must believe)
And from all sorts of Ill preservative;
From Plague, Infection, Thunder, Storm, and Hail,
Love, Grief, Want, Debt, Sin, and the Devil and all.
Here Beads are blest, and *Pater nosters* fram'd,
(By some the Tallies of Devotion nam'd)
Which of their Pray'rs, and Oraisons keep tale,
Lest they, and Heav'n should in the reck'ning fail.

Here Sacred Lights, the Altars graceful Pride,
Are by Prieſts breath perfum'd, and ſanctified;
Made ſome of Wax, of *Her'ticks* Tallow ſome,
A Gift, which *Iriſh Emma* ſent to *Rome:*
For which great Merit worthily (we're told)
She's now amongſt her Country-Saints inroll'd.
Here holy Banners are reſerv'd in ſtore,
And Flags, ſuch as the fam'd *Armado* bore:
And hallow'd Swords, and Daggers kept for uſe,
When reſty Kings the Papal Yoke refuſe:
And conſecrated Ratsbane, to be laid
For *Her'tick* Vermin, which the Church invade.
But that which brings in moſt of Wealth, and Gain,
Does beſt the Prieſts ſwoln Tripes, and Purſes ſtrain;
Here they each week their conſtant Auctions hold
Of Reliques, which by Candl's Inch are ſold:
Saints by the dozen here are ſet to ſale,
Like Mortals wrought in Gingerbread on Stall.

Hither

Hither are loads from emptied Charnels brought,
And Voiders of the Worms from *Sextons* bought;
Which serve for Retail through the World to vent.
Such as of late were to the *Savoy* sent:
Hair from the Skulls of dying Strumpets shorn,
And Felons Bones from rifled Gibbets torn;
Like those, which some old Hag at midnight steals,
For Witchcrafts, Amulets, and Charms, and Spells,
Are past for sacred to the cheap'ning Rout;
And worn on Fingers, Breasts, and Ears about.
This boasts a Scrap of me, and that a Bit
Of good S. *George*, S. *Patrick*, or S. *Kit*.
These Locks S. *Bridget's* were, and those S. *Clare's*;
Some for S. *Catharine's* go, and some for *her's*
That wip'd her *Saviours* feet, wash'd with her tears.

Here you may see my wounded Leg, and here
Those, which to *China* bore the great *Xavier*.

Here may you the grand *Traitor*'s Halter ſee,
Some call't the Arms of the Society:
Here is his Lanthorn too, but *Faux* his, not,
That was embezl'd by the *Huguenot*.
Here *Garnet*'s Straws, and *Becket*'s Bones, and Hair,
For murd'ring whom, ſome Tails are ſaid to wear;
As learned *Capgrave* does record their fate,
And faithful *Britiſh* Hiſtories relate.
Thoſe are *S. Laurence* Coals expos'd to view,
Strangely preſerv'd, and kept alive till now.
That's the fam'd *Wildefortis* wondrous Beard,
For which her Maidenhead the Tyrant ſpar'd.
Yon is the *Baptiſt*'s Coat, and one of's Heads,
The reſt are ſhewn in many a place beſides;
And of his Teeth as many Sets there are,
As on their Belts ſix Operators wear.
Here Bleſſed *Mari's* Milk, not yet turn'd four,
Renown'd (like Aſs'es) for its healing pow'r,
Ten *Holland* Kine ſcarce in a year give more.

Here

Here is her *Manteau*, and a Smock of hers,
Fellow to that, which once reliev'd *Poitiers*:
Besides her *Husbands* Utensils of Trade,
Wherewith some prove, that Images were made.
Here is the Soldiers Spear, and Passion-Nails,
Whose quantity would serve for building *Pauls*:
Chips, some from Holy Cross, from *Tyburn* some,
Honour'd by many a *Jesuit's* Martyrdom:
All held of special, and miraculous Pow'r,
Not *Tabor* more approv'd for Agu's cure:
Here Shooes, which, once perhaps at *Newgate* hung,
Angled their Charity, that past along,
Now for S. *Peter*'s go, and th' Office bear
For Priests, they did for lesser Villains there.
These are the Fathers Implements, and Tools,
Their gawdy Trangums for inveigling Fools:
These serve for Baits the simple to ensnare,
Like Children spirited with Toys at Fair.

Nor are they half the Artifices yet,
By which the Vulgar they delude, and cheat:
Which should I undertake, much easier I,
Much sooner might compute what Sins there be
Wip'd off, and pardon'd a a *Jubilee*.
What Bribes enrich the *Datary* each year,
Or Vices treated on by *Escolar*:
How many Whores in *Rome* profess the Trade,
Or greater numbers by Confession made.
One undertakes by Scale of Miles to tell
The Bounds, Dimensions, and Extent of Hell;
How far, and wide th' Infernal Monarch reigns,
How many *German* Leagues his Realm contains:
Who are his Ministers, pretends to know,
And all their several Offices below:
How many Chaudrons he each year expends
In Coals for roasting *Hugonots*, and Fiends:

And with as much exactness states the case,
As if h'ad been Surveyor of the place.
Another frights the Rout with ruful Stories,
Of wild *Chimera's*, *Limbo's*, *Purgatories*,
And bloated Souls in smoaky durance hung,
Like a *Westphalia* Gammon, or Neats Tongue,
To be redeem'd with Masses, and a Song.
A good round Sum must the Deliv'rance buy,
For none may there swear out on poverty.
Your rich, and bounteous Shades are only eas'd,
No *Fleet*, or *Kings Bench* Ghosts are thence releas'd.
A third the wicked, and debauch'd to please,
Cries up the vertue of Indulgences,
And all the rates of Vices does assess;
What price they in the *holy Chamber* bear,
And Customs for each Sin imported there:
How you at best advantages may buy
Patents for Sacriledg, and Simony.

What Tax is in the Leach'ry-Office laid
On Panders, Bawds, and Whores, that ply the Trade:
What coſts a Rape, or Inceſt, and how cheap
You may an Harlot, or an Ingle keep;
How eaſie Murder may afforded be
For one, two, three, or a whole Family;
But not of *Her'ticks*; there no Pardon lacks,
'Tis one o'th' Church's meritorious Acts.
For venial Trifles, leſs and ſlighter Faults,
They ne're deſerve the trouble of your thoughts.
Ten *Ave Maries* mumbled to the Croſs
Clear ſcores of twice ten thouſand ſuch as thoſe:
Some are at ſound of chriſten'd Bell forgiven,
And ſome by ſquirt of Holy Water driven:
Others by Anthems plaid are charm'd away,
As men cure Bites of the *Tarantula*.
But nothing with the Crowd does more enhance
The value of theſe holy *Charlatans*,

Than

Than when the Wonders of the Mass they view,
Where Spiritual Jugglers their chief Mast'ry shew:
Hey Presto, Sirs! What's this? 'tis Bread you see;
Presto be gone! 'tis now a Deity.
Two grains of Dough, with Cross, and stamp of Priest,
And five small words pronounced, make up their *Christ*.
To this they all fall down, this all adore,
And strait devour, what they ador'd before;
Down goes the tiny *Saviour* at a bit,
To be digested, and at length beshit:
From Altar to Close Stool, or Jakes preferr'd,
First Wafer, next a God, and then a——
'Tis this, that does the astonish'd Rout amuse,
And Reverence to shaven Crown infuse:
To see a silly, sinful, mortal Wight
His maker make, create the Infinite.
None boggles at th' impossibility;
Alas, 'tis wondrous Heavenly Mystery!

None

None dares the mighty God-maker blaſpheme,
Nor his moſt open Crimes, and Vices blame:
Saw he thoſe hands that held his God before,
Strait grope himſelf, and by and by a Whore;
Should they his aged Father kill, or worſe,
His Siſters, Daughters, Wife, himſelf too force.
And here I might (if I but durſt) reveal
What pranks are plaid in the Confeſſional:
How haunted Virgins have been diſpoſſeſt,
And Devils were caſt out, to let in Prieſt:
What Fathers act with Novices alone,
And what to Punks in ſhriving Seats is done;
Who thither flock to Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
To clear old debts, and tick with Heav'n for more.
Oft have I ſeen theſe hallow'd Altars ſtain'd
With Rapes, thoſe Pews with Buggeries profan'd:
Not great *Cellier*, nor any greater Baw'd,
Of Note, and long experience in the Trade,
Has more, and fouler Scenes of Luſt ſurvey'd.

But I these dang'rous Truths forbear to tell,
For fear I should the *Inquisition* feel.
Should I tell all their countless Knaveries,
Their Cheats, and Shams, and Forgeries, and Lies.
Their Cringings, Crossings, Censings, Sprinklings, Chrisms,
Their Conjurings, and Spells, and Exorcisms;
Their motly Habits, Maniples, and Stoles,
Albs, Ammits, Rochets, Chimers, Hoods, and Cowls.
Should I tell all their several Services,
Their Trentals, Masses, Dirges, Rosaries;
Their solemn Pomps, their Pageants, and Parades,
Their holy Masks, and spiritual Cavalcades,
With thousand Antick Tricks, and Gambols more;
'Twould swell the sum to such a mighty score,
That I at length should more volum'nous grow,
Than *Crabb*, or *Surius*, lying *Fox*, or *Stow*.
Believe what e're I have related here,
As true, as if 'twere spoke from Porph'ry Chair.

If

If I have feign'd in ought, or broach'd a Lie,
Let worſt of Fates attend me, let me be
Piſt on by Porter, Groom, and Oyſter-whore,
Or find my Grave in Jakes, and Common-ſhore:
Or make next Bonfire for the *Powder-Plot*,
The ſport of every ſneering *Huguenot*.
There like a Martyr'd Pope in Flames expire,
And no kind Catholick dare quench the Fire.

Audi

Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, & carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis.——Juven. Sat.

ODE.

I.

NOW Curses on you all! ye vertuous Fools,
Who think to fetter free-born souls,
And tie 'em to dull morality, and rules.
The Stagarite be damn'd, and all the Crew
Of Learned Idiots, who his steps pursue;
And those more silly Proselytes, whom his fond precepts drew.
Oh! had his Ethicks been with their wild Author drown'd,
Or a like Fate with those lost Writings found,

Which

Which that grand Plagiary doom'd to fire,
And made by unjuſt Flames expire:
They ne're had then ſeduc'd Mortality,
Ne're lafted to debauch the world with their lewd Pedantry.
But damn'd, and more (if Hell can do't) be that thrice-curſed name,
Who e're the Rudiments of Law deſign'd;
Who e're did the firſt model of Religion frame,
And by that double Vaſſallage enthrall'd Mankind,
By nought before, but their own pow'r, or will confin'd:
Now quite abridg'd of all their Primitive Liberty,
And ſlaves to each capricious Monarch's Tyranny.
More happy Brutes! who the great Rule of Senſe obſerve,
And ne're from their firſt Charter ſwerve.
Happy! whoſe lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no ſtings of ſin, which may their bliſs annoy.
Still unconcern'd at Epithets of ill, or good,
Diſtinctions, unadult'rate Nature never underſtood.

2.

Hence hated Vertue from our goodly Isle,
No more our joys beguile;
No more with thy loath'd presence plague our happy state,
Thou enemy to all, that's brisk, or gay, or brave, or great.
Be gone with all thy pious meagre Train,
To some unfruitful, unfrequented Land,
And there an Empire gain,
And there extend thy rigorous command:
There where illib'ral Natur's niggardise
Has set a Tax on Vice.
Where the lean barren Region does enhance
The worth of dear intemperance,
And for each pleasurable sin exacts excise.
We (thanks to Fate) more cheaply can offend,
And want no tempting Luxuries,
No good convenient sinning opportunities,
Which Nature's bounty could bestow, or Heaven's kindness lend.

Go follow that nice Goddeſs to the Skies,
Who heretofore diſguſted at increaſing Vice,
Diſlik'd the world, and thought it too prophane,
And timely hence retir'd, and kindly ne're returned again.
Hence to thoſe airy Manſions rove,
Converſe with Saints, and holy folks above;
Thoſe may thy preſence woo,
Whoſe lazy eaſe affords them nothing elſe to do:
Where haughty ſcornful I,
And my great Friends will ne're vouchſafe thee company.
Thou'rt now an hard, unpracticable good,
Too difficult for fleſh and blood:
Were I all ſoul, like them, perhaps I'de learn to practiſe thee.

3.

Vertue! thou ſolemn grave impertinence,
Abhorr'd by all the men of wit, and ſenſe.

Thou

Thou damn'd Fatigue! that clogst lifes journey here,
Though thou no weight of wealth, or profit bear;
Thou puling fond Green-sickness of the mind!
That mak'st us prove to our own selves unkind,
Whereby we Coals, and Dirt for diet chuse,
And, Pleasur's better food refuse.
Curst Jilt! that lead'st deluded Mortals on,
Till they too late perceive themselves undone,
Chous'd by a Dowry in reversion.
The greatest Votary, thou e're could'st boast,
(Pity so brave a Soul was on thy service lost;
What Wonders he in wickedness had done,
Whom thy weak pow'r could so inspire alone?)
Tho' long with fond amours he courted thee,
Yet dying, did recant his vain Idolatry:
At length, though late, he did repent with shame,
Forc'd to confess thee nothing, but an empty name.

So was that Leacher gull'd, whose haughty love
Design'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the Gods above:
When he a Goddess thought he had in chase,
He found a gaudy vapour in the place,
And with thin Air beguil'd his starv'd embrace.
Idly he spent his vigour, spent his blood,
And tyr'd himself t' oblige an unperforming Cloud.

4.

If Human kind to thee 'ere worship paid;
They were by ignorance misled,
That only them devout, and thee a Goddess made.
Known haply in the Worlds rude untaught infancy,
Before it had out-grown its childish innocence,
Before it had arriv'd at sense,
Or reach'd the manhood, and discretion of Debauchery;
Known in those antient godly duller times,
When crafty Pagans had ingross'd all crimes;
When

When Christian Fools were obstinately good,
Nor yet their Gospel-freedom understood.
Tame easie Fops! who could so prodigally bleed,
To be thought Saints, and dye a Calender with red:
No prudent Heathen e're seduc'd could be,
To suffer Martyrdom for thee:
Only that arrant Ass whom the false Oracle call'd Wise
(No wonder if the Devil utter'd lies)
That sniveling Puritan, who spight of all the mode
Would be unfashionably good,
And exercis'd his whining gifts to rail at Vice:
Him all the Wits of *Athens* damn'd,
And justly with Lampoons defam'd:
But when the mad Fanatick could not silenc'd be
From broaching dang'rous Divinity;
The wise Republick made him for prevention die,
And sent him to the Gods, and better company.

5.

Let fumbling Age be grave, and wise,
And Vertu's poor contem'd *Idea* prize,
Who never knew, or now are past the sweets of Vice;
While we whose active pulses beat
With lusty youth, and vigorous heat,
Can all their Beards, and Morals too despise,
While my plump veins are fill'd with lust and blood;
Let not one thought of her intrude,
Or dare approach my breast,
But know 'tis all possest
By a more welcom guest:
And know, I have not yet the leisure to be good.
If ever unkind destiny
Shall force long life on me;
If e're I must the curse of dotage bear;
Perhaps I'll dedicate those dregs of Time to her,
And come with Crutches her most humble votary.

When

When ſprightly Vice retreats frome hence,
And quits the ruins of decayed ſenſe;
She'l ſerve to uſher in a fair pretence,
And varniſh with her name a well-diſſembled impotence.
When Priſick, Rheums, Catarrhs, and Palſies ſeize,
And all the Bill of Maladies,
Which Heav'n to puniſh over-living Mortals ſends;
Then let her enter with the numerous infirmities,
Her ſelf the greateſt plague, which wrinkles, and gray hairs attends.

6.

Tell me, ye Venerable Sots, who court her moſt,
What ſmall advantage can ſhe boaſt,
Which her great Rival hath not in a greater ſtore ingroſt.
Her boaſted calm, and peace of mind
In Wine, and Company we better find,
Find it with pleaſure too combin'd.

In mighty Wine, where we our ſenſes ſteep,

And Lull our Cares, and Conſciences aſleep:

But why do I that wild *Chimæra* name?

Conſcience! that giddy airy Dream,

Which does from brain-ſick heads, or ill-digeſting ſtomachs ſteam,

Conſcience! the vain phantaſtick fear

Of puniſhments, we know not when, nor where:

Project of crafty Stateſmen! to ſupport weak Law,

Whereby they ſlaviſh Spirits awe,

And daſtard Souls to forc'd obedience draw,

Grand Wheadle! which our Gown'd Impoſtors uſe,

The poor unthinking Rabble to abuſe.

Scarecrow! to fright from the forbidden fruit of vice,

Their own beloved Paradiſe:

Let thoſe vile Canters wickedneſs decry,

Whose Mercenary tongues take pay
For what they say;
And yet commend in practice what their words deny,
While we discerning Heads, who farther pry,
Their holy Cheats defie
And scorn their frauds, and scorn their sanctified Cajoulery.

7.

None but dull unbred Fools discredit vice,
Who act their wickedness with an ill grace;
Such their profession scandalize,
And justly forfeit all that praise:
All that esteem, that credit, and applause,
Which we by our wise menage from a sin can raise.
A true, and brave transgressor ought
To sin with the same height of spirit, *Cæsar* fought:
Mean-Soul'd offenders now no honours gain,
Only debauches of the nobler strain.
Vice well-improv'd yields bliss, and fame beside,
And some for sinning have been deifi'd.

Thus the lewd Gods of old did move,
By theſe brave methods to the ſeats above.
Ev'n *Jove* himſelf, the Sovereign Deity,
Father and King of all th' immortal Progeny,
Aſcended to that high Degree;
By crimes above the reach of weak Mortality.
He Heav'n one large Seraglio made,
Each Goddeſs turn'd a glorious Punk o'th' trade;
And all that Sacred place
Was fill'd with Baſtard Gods of his own race:
Almighty Lech'ry got his firſt repute,
And everlaſting whoring was his chiefeſt Attribute.

8.

How gallant was that Wretch, whoſe happy guilt
A Fame upon the Ruins of a Temple built!
"Let fools, ſaid he, Impiety alledg,
"And urge the no great fault of Sacriledg:
"I'le ſet the Sacred Pile on flame,
"And in its Aſhes write my laſting Name,
"My

" My name which thus ſhall be
" Deathleſs as its own Deity.
" Thus the vain-glorious *Carian* I'le out-do,
" And *Egypts'* proudeſt Monarchs too;
" Thoſe lavish Prodigals, who idly did conſume
" Their Lives, and Treaſures to erect a Tomb,
" And only great by being buried would become:
" At cheaper rates than they I'le buy Renown,
" And my loud Fame ſhall all their ſilent glories drown.

So ſpake the daring Hector, ſo did Propheſie,
And ſo it prov'd, in vain did envious Spite
By fruitleſs methods try
To raze his well-built Fame, and Memory
Amongſt Poſterity:
The *Boutefeu* can now Immortal write,
While the inglorious Founder is forgotten quite.

9.

Yet greater was that mighty Emperour;
(A greater crime befitted his high Pow'r)

Who

Who ſacrific'd a City to a Jeſt,

And ſhew'd he knew the grand intrigues of humor beſt:

He made all *Rome* a Bonefire to his Fame,

And Sung, and play'd, and danc'd amidſt the Flame;

Bravely begun! yet pity there he ſtay'd,

One ſtep to Glory more he ſhould have made:

He ſhould have heav'd the noble frolick higher,

And made the People on that Fun'ral Pile expire,

Or providently with their blood put out the Fire.

Had this been done;

The utmoſt pitch of glory he had won:

No greater Monument could be

To conſecrate him to eternity,

Nor ſhould there need another Herald of his praiſe, but me.

10.

And thou, yet greater *Faux*, the glory of our Iſle,

Whom baffled Hell eſteems its chiefeſt Foyl;

'Twere

'Twere injury ſhould I omit thy name,
Whoſe action merits all the breath of Fame.
Methinks, I ſee the trembling ſhades below
Around in humble reverence bow;
Doubtful they ſeem, whether to pay their Loyalty
To their dread Monarch, or to thee:
No wonder he (grown jealous of thy fear'd ſucceſs)
Envy'd Mankind the honour of thy wickedneſs,
And ſpoil'd that brave attempt, which muſt have made his grandeur leſs.
How e're regret not, mighty Ghoſt,
Thy Plot by treach'rous fortune croſt,
Nor think thy well deſerved glory loſt.
Thou the full praiſe of Villany ſhalt ever ſhare,
And all will judg thy Act, compleat enough, when thou could'ſt dare,
So thy great Maſter far'd, whoſe high diſdain
Contemn'd that Heaven, where he could not Reign,
When he with bold ambition ſtrove
T' uſurp the Throne above,
And led againſt the Deity an armed Train,
Though

Though from his vaſt deſigns he fell,
O're-power'd by his Almighty Foe,
Yet gain'd he Victory in his overthrow:
He gain'd ſufficient Triumph, that he durſt Rebel,
And 'twas ſome pleaſure to be thought the great'ſt in Hell.

II.

Tell me, you great Triumvirate, what ſhall I do
To be illuſtrious as you?
Let your examples move me with a gen'rous fire,
Let them into my daring thoughts inſpire
Somewhat compleatly wicked, ſome vaſt Gyant-crime,
Unknown, unheard, unthought of by all paſt and preſent time.
'Tis done, 'tis done; Methinks, I feel the pow'rful charms,
And a new heat of ſin my ſpirit warms;
I travel with a glorious miſchief, for whoſe birth,
My Soul's too narrow, and weak fate too feeble to bring forth.

Let the unpitied vulgar tamely go,
And ſtock for company, the wide Plantations down below:
Such their vile Souls for viler Barter ſell,
Scarce worth the damning, or their room in Hell.
We are his Grandees, and expect as high preferment there,
For our good Service, as on earth we ſhare.
In them ſin is but a meer privative of good,
The frailty, and defect of fleſh, and blood:
In us 'tis a perfection, who profeſs
A ſtudied, and elaborate wickedneſs.
We're the great *Royal Society* of Vice,
Whoſe Talents are to make diſcoveries,
And advance ſin like other Arts, and Sciences.
'Tis I the bold *Columbus*, only I,
who muſt new Worlds in Vice deſcry,
And fix the pillars of unpaſſable iniquity.

12.

How ſneaking was the firſt debauch, that ſin'd
Who for ſo ſmall a Crime ſold human kind!

Who

How undeſerving that high place,
To be thought Parent of our ſin, and race,
Who by low guilt our nature doubly did debaſe!
Unworthy was he to be thought
Father of the great firſt-born *Cain*, which he begot;
The noble *Cain*, whoſe bold, and gallant act
Proclaim'd him of more high extract:
Unworthy me,
And all the braver part of his Poſterity.
Had the juſt Fates deſign'd me in his ſtead;
I'd done ſome great, and unexampled deed:
A deed, which ſhould decry
The Stoicks dull Equality,
And ſhew that ſin admits tranſcendency:
A deed, wherein the Tempter ſhould not ſhare
Above what Heav'n could puniſh, and above what he could dare
For greater crimes than his I would have fell,
And acted ſomewhat, which might merit more than Hell.

An Apology for the foregoing Ode, by way of Epilogue.

MY part is done, and you'l, I hope, excuſe
Th' extravagance of a repentig Muſe,
Pardon what e're ſhe hath too boldly ſaid,
She only acted here in Maſquerade.
For the ſlight Arguments ſhe did produce,
Were not to flatter Vice, but to traduce.
So we Buffoons in Princely dreſs expoſe,
Not to be gay, but more ridiculous.
When ſhe an Hector for her Subject had,
She thought ſhe muſt be Termagant, and mad:
That made her ſpeak like a lewd punk o'th' Town,
Who by converſe with Bullies wicked grown,
Has learn'd the Mode to cry all Vertue down.
But now the Vizard's off; ſhe changes Scene,
And turns a modeſt civil Girl agen.

Our

Our Poet has a different taſte of Wit,
Nor will to common Vogue himſelf ſubmit.
Let ſome admire the Fops whoſe Talents lie
In venting dull inſipid Blaſphemy;
He ſwears, he cannot with thoſe terms diſpenſe,
Nor will be damn'd for the repute of ſenſe.
Wit's name was never to profaneneſs due,
For then you ſee he could be witty too:
He could Lampoon the State, and Libel Kings,
But that he's Loyal, and knows better things,
Than Fame, whoſe guilty Birth from Treaſon ſprings.
He likes not Wit, which can't a Licence claim,
To which the Author dares not ſet his Name.
Wit ſhould be open, court each Reader's eye,
Not lurk in ſly unprinted privacy.
But Crim'nal Writers like dull Birds of Night,
For weakneſs, or for ſhame avoid the light;
May ſuch a Jury for their Audience have,
And from the Bench, not Pit, their doom receive.

May they the Tow'r for their due merits ſhare,
And a juſt wreath of Hemp, not Laurel, wear:
He could be Bawdy too, and nick the times,
In what they dearly love; Damn'd placket Rhimes,
Such as our Nobles write——
Whoſe nauſeous Poetry can reach no higher
Than what the Codpiece, or its God inſpire.
So lewd, they ſpend at quill; you'd juſtly think,
They wrote with ſomething naſtier than Ink.
But he ſtill thought that little Wit, or none,
Which a juſt modeſty muſt never own,
And a meer Reader with a Bluſh attone.
If Ribauldry deſerv'd the praiſe of Wit,
He muſt reſign to each illit'rate Citt,
And Prentices, and Car-men challenge it.
Ev'n they too can be ſmart, and witty there;
For all men on that Subject Poets are.
Henceforth he vows, if ever more he find
Himſelf to the baſe itch of Verſe inclin'd;

If e're he's given up ſo far to write;
He never means to make his end delight:
Should he do ſo; he muſt deſpair ſucceſs:
For he's not now debaucht enough to pleaſe,
And muſt be damn'd for want of wickedneſs.
He'l therefore uſe his Wit another way,
And next the uglineſs of Vice diſplay.
Though againſt Vertue once he drew his Pen,
He'l ne're for ought, but her defence, agen.
Had he a Genius, and Poetick rage,
Great as the Vices of this guilty Age.
Were he all Gall, and arm'd with ſtore of ſpight;
'Twere worth his pains to undertake to write;
To noble Satyr he'd direct his aim,
And by't Mankind, and Poetry reclaim,
He'd ſhoot his Quills juſt like a Porcupine
At Vice, and make them ſtab in every Line,
The world ſhould learn to bluſh,——

And dread the Vengeance of his pointed Wit,
Which worſe than their own Conſciences ſhould fright,
And all ſhould think him Heav'ns juſt Plague, deſign'd
To viſit for the ſins of lewd Mankind.

THE PASSION OF BYBLIS IN *Ovid's* Metamorphosis Imitated in English.

LONDON:
Printed for *Jo. Hindmarsh.* 1682.

THE
Paſſion of Byblis
OUT OF
Ovid's Metamorphoſis, *B. 9. F. 11.*

Beginning at

Byblis in exemplo eſt, ut ament conceſſa puellæ.

And ending with

——*Modumque*
Exit, & infelix committit ſæpe repelli.

OU heedleſs Maids, whoſe young, and tender hearts
Unwounded yet, have ſcap'd the fatal darts;
Let the ſad tale of wretched *Byblis* move,
And learn by her to ſhun forbidden Love.

Not all the plenty, all the bright resort
Of gallant Youth, that grac'd the *Carian Court*,
Could charm the haughty Nymph's disdainful heart,
Or from a Brother's guilty Love divert:
Caunus she lov'd, not as a Sister ought,
But Honour, Blood, and shame alike forgot:
Caunus alone takes up her Thoughts, and Eyes,
For him alone she wishes, grieves and sighs.

At first her new-born Passion owns no name,
A glim'ring Spark scarce kindling into flame;
She thinks it no offence, if from his Lip
She snatch an harmless bliss, if her fond clip
With loose embraces oft his Neck surround,
And Love is yet in debts of Nature drown'd.

But Love at length grows naughty by degrees,
And now she likes, and strives her self to please:
Well-dress'd she comes, and arms her Eyes with darts,
Her Smiles with charms, and all the studied arts
Which practis'd Love can teach to vanquish hearts.

Indu-

Induſtrious now, ſhe labours to be fair,
And envies all, whoever fairer are.

Yet knows ſhe not, ſhe loves, but ſtill does grow,
Inſenſibly the thing, ſhe does not know:
Strict honour yet her check'd deſires does bind,
And modeſt thoughts, on this ſide wiſh confin'd:
Only within ſhe ſooths her pleaſing flames,
And now, the hated terms of Blood diſclaims:
Brother ſounds harſh; ſhe the unpleaſing word
Strives to forget, and oftner calls him *Lord:*
And when the name of *Siſter* grates her ear,
Could wiſh't unſaid, and rather *Byblis* hear.

Nor dare ſhe yet with waking Thoughts admit
A wanton hope: but when returning night
With Sleep's ſoft gentle ſpell her Senſes charms,
Kind fancy often brings him to her Arms:
In them ſhe oft does the lov'd Shadow ſeem
To graſp, and joys, yet bluſhes too in Dream.
She wakes, and long in wonder ſilent lies,
And thinks on her late pleaſing Extaſies:

Now

Now likes, and now abhors her guilty flame,
By turns abandon'd to her Love, and Shame:
At length her ſtruggling thoughts an utt'rance find,
And vent the wild diſorders of her mind.

"Ah me! (ſhe cries) kind Heaven avert! what means
"This boading form, that nightly rides my dreams?
"Grant 'em untrue! why ſhould lewd hope divine?
"Ah! why was this too charming Viſion ſeen?
"'Tis true, by the moſt envious wretch, that ſees,
"He's own'd all fair, and lovely, own'd a prize
"Worthy the conqueſt of the brighteſt eyes:
"A prize that wou'd my high'ſt ambition fill,
"All I could wiſh;——but he's my Brother ſtill!
"That cruel word for ever muſt disjoyn,
"Nor can I hope, but thus, to have him mine.
"Since then I waking never muſt poſſeſs;
"Let me in ſleep at leaſt enjoy the bliſs,
"And ſure nice Vertue can't forbid me this:

"Kind

"Kind sleep does no malicious spies admit,
"Yet yields a lively semblance of delight:
"Gods! what a scene of joy was that! how fast
"I clasp'd the Vision to my panting breast!
"With what fierce bounds I sprung to meet my blisses,
"While my rapt soul flew out in every kiss!
"Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away,
"I all dissolv'd in reeking pleasures lay!
"How sweet is the remembrance yet! though night
"Too hasty fled, drove on by envious light.
"O that we might the Laws of Nature break!
"How well would *Caunus* me an Husband make!
"How well to Wife might he his *Byblis* take!
"Wou'd God! in all things we had partners bin
"Besides our Parents, and our fatal Kin:
"Wou'd thou wert nobler, I more meanly born,
"Then guiltless I'd despair'd, and suffer'd scorn:
"Happy that Maid unknown, whoe're shall prove
"So blest, so envied, to deserve thy love.

"Un-

" Unhappy me! whom the ſame womb did joyn,
" Which now forbids me ever to be thine:
" Curſt fate! that we alone in that agree,
" By which we ever muſt divided be.
" And muſt we be? what meant my Viſions then?
" Are they, and all their dear preſages vain?
" Have dreams no credit, but with eaſie love?
" Or do they hit ſometimes, and faithful prove?
" The Gods forbid! yet thoſe whom I invoke,
" Have lov'd like me, have their own Siſters took:
" Great *Saturn*, and his greater Off-ſpring, *Jove*,
" Both ſtock'd their Heaven with inceſtuous love:
" Gods have their priviledg: why do I ſtrive
" To ſtrain my hopes to their Prerogative?
" No, let me baniſh this forbidden fire,
" Or quench it with my blood, and with't expire:
" Unſtain'd in honour, and unhurt in fame,
" Let the ſame Grave bury my Love, and Shame:
" But when at my laſt hour I gaſping lie,
" Let only my kind *Murderer* be by:

" Let

"Let him, while I breath out my ſoul in ſighs,
"Or gaze't away, look on with pittying eyes:
"Let him (for ſure he can't deny me this)
"Seal my cold Lips with one dear parting Kiſs.
"Beſides, 'twere vain ſhould I alone agree
"To what another's will muſt ratifie;
"Cou'd I be ſo abandon'd to conſent;
"What I have paſs for good and Innocent,
"He may perhaps as worſt of Crimes reſent.
"Yet we amongſt our race examples find
"Of Brothers, who have been to Siſters kind:
"Fam'd *Canace* cou'd thus ſucceſsful prove,
"Cou'd crown her wiſhes in a Brother's love.
"But whence cou'd I theſe inſtances produce?
"How 'came I witty to my ruin thus?
"Whither will this mad frenzy hurry on?
"Hence, hence, you naughty flames, far hence be gone,
"Nor let me e're the ſhameful Paſſion own.

"And

"And yet ſhou'd he addreſs; I ſhou'd forgive,
"I fear, I fear, I ſhou'd his ſuit receive:
"Shall therefore I, who cou'd not love diſown
"Offer'd by him, not mine to make him known?
"And canſt thou ſpeak? can thy bold tongue declare?
"Yes love ſhall force:——and now methinks I dare.
"But leſt fond modeſty at length refuſe,
"I will ſome ſure, and better method chuſe:
"A Letter ſhall my ſecret flames diſcloſe,
"And hide my Bluſhes, but reveal their cauſe.
This takes, and 'tis reſolv'd as ſoon as ſaid,
With this ſhe rais'd herſelf upon her bed,
And propping with her hand her leaning head:
"Happen what will (ſays ſhe) I'le make him know
"What pains, what raging pains I undergo:
"Ah me! I rave! what tempeſts ſhake my breaſt?
"And where? O where will this diſtraction reſt?
Trembling, her Thoughts endite, and oft her Eye
Looks back for fear of conſcious ſpies too nigh:

One

One hand her Paper, t'other holds her Pen,
And Tears ſupply that Ink her Lines muſt drain.

Now ſhe begins, now ſtops, and ſtopping frames
New doubts, now writes, and now her Writing damns.
She writes, defaces, alters, likes, and blames:

Oft throws in haſte her Pen, and Paper by,
Then takes 'em up again as haſtily:
Unſteady her reſolves, fickle, and vain,
No ſooner made, but ſtrait unmade again:
What her deſires wou'd have, ſhe does not know,
Diſpleas'd with all, what e're ſhe goes to do:
At once contending, ſhame, and hope, and fear
Wrack her toſt mind, and in her looks appear.
Siſter was wrote; but ſoon miſ-giving doubt
Recals it, and the guilty word blots out.
Again ſhe pauſes, and again begins,
At length her Pen drops out theſe haſty Lines.

"Kind

"Kind health, which you, and only you can grant,
"Which, if deny'd, ſhe muſt for ever want;
"To you your Lover ſends: ah! bluſhing ſhame
"In ſilence bids her Paper hide her name:
"Wou'd God! the fatal meſſage might be done
"Without annexing it, nor *Byblis* known,
"E're bleſt ſucceſs her hopes, and wiſhes crown.
"And had I now my ſmother'd grief conceal'd,
"It might by tokens paſt have been reveal'd:
"A thouſand proofs were ready to impart
"The inward anguiſh of my wounded heart:
"Oft, as your ſight a ſudden bluſh did raiſe,
"My blood came up to meet you at my face:
"Oft (if you call to mind) my longing Eyes
"Betray'd in looks my ſouls too thin diſguiſe:
"Think how their Tears, think how my heaving Breaſt
"Oft in deep ſighs ſome cauſe unknown conſeſt:
"Think how theſe Arms did oft with fierce embrace,

"Eager

"Eager as my desires, about you press:
"These Lips too, when they cou'd so happy prove,
"(Had you but mark'd) with close warm kisses strove
"To whisper something more than Sisters love.
"And yet, though rankling grief my mind distrest,
"Though raging flames within burn up my breast;
"Long time I did the mighty pain endure,
"Long strove to bring the fierce disease to cure:
"Witness, ye cruel Pow'rs, who did inspire
"This strange, this fatal, this resistless fire,
"Witness, what pains (for you alone can know)
"This helpless wretch to quench't did undergo:
"A thousand Racks, and Martyrdoms, and more
"Than a weak Virgin can be thought, I bore:
"O'rematch'd in pow'r at last, I'm forc'd to yield,
"And to the conqu'ring God resign the field:
"To you, dear cause of all, I make address,
"From you with humble pray'rs I beg redress:

" You rule alone my arbitrary fate,
" And life, and death on your diſpoſal wait:
" Ordain, as you think fit; deny, or grant,
" Yet know no ſtranger is your ſuppliant.
" But ſhe, who, though to you by Blood allied
" In neareſt bonds, in nearer wou'd be tied.
" Let doating age debate of Law, and Right,
" And gravely ſtate the bounds of juſt, and fit;
" Whoſe wiſdom's but their envy, to deſtroy
" And bar thoſe pleaſures, which they can't enjoy:
" Our blooming years, more ſprightly, and more gay,
" By Nature were deſign'd for love, and play:
" Youth knows no check, but leaps weak Vertu's fence,
" And briskly hunts the noble chaſe of ſence:
" Without dull thinking we enjoyment trace,
" And call that lawful, whatſoe're does pleaſe.
" Nor will our guilt want inſtances alone,
" 'Tis what the glorious Gods above have done:

" Let's

" Let's follow where thoſe great examples went,
" Nor think that Sin, where Heav'ns a precedent.
" Let neither awe of Fathers frowns, nor ſhame
" For ought that can be told by babbling fame,
" Nor any gaſtlier fantom, fear can frame,
" Frighten, or ſtop us in our way to bliſs,
" But boldly let us ruſh on happineſs:
" Where glorious hazards ſhall enhance delight,
" And that, that makes it dangerous, make it great.
" Relation too, which does our fault increaſe,
" Will ſerve that fault the better to diſguiſe;
" That lets us now in private often meet
" Bleſs'd opportunities for ſtoln delight:
" In publick often we embrace, and kiſs,
" And fear no jealous, no ſuſpecting eyes.
" How little more remains for me to crave!
" How little more for you to give! O ſave
" A wretched Maid undone by love, and you,
" Who does in tears, and dying accents ſue;

" Who bleeds that Paſſion, ſhe had ne're reveal'd,
" If not by love, almighty love compel'd:
" Nor ever let her mournful Tomb complain,
" *Here* Byblis *lies, kill'd by your cold diſdain.*
Here forc'd to end, for want of room, not will
To add, her lines the crowded Margin fill,
Nor ſpace allow for more: ſhe trembling, folds
The Paper, which her ſhameful meſſage holds;
And ſealing, as ſhe wept with boading fear,
She wet her Signet with a falling Tear.
This done, a truſty Meſſenger ſhe call'd,
And in kind words the whiſper'd Errand told:
" Go, carry this with faithful care, ſhe ſaid,
" To my dear,——there ſhe paus'd a while, and ſtaid,
And By and by——*Brother*——was heard to add:
As ſhe deliver'd it with her commands,
The Letter fell from out her trembling hands,
Diſmay'd with the ill *Omen*, ſhe anew
Doubted ſucceſs, and held, yet bad him go.

He goes, and after quick admiſſiion got
To *Caunus* hands the fatal ſecret brought:
Soon as the doubtful Youth a glance had caſt
On the firſt lines, and gueſt by them the reſt,
Strait horror, and amazement fill'd his breaſt:
Impatient with his rage, he could not ſtay
To ſee the end, but threw't half read away.
Scarce could his hands the trembling wretch forbear,
Nor did his tongue thoſe angry threatnings ſpare:
"Fly hence, nor longer my chaf'd fury truſt,
"Thou curſed Pander of deteſted luſt;
"Fly quickly hence, and to thy ſwiftneſs owe
"Thy life, a forfeit to my vengeance due:
"Which, had not danger of my Honour croſt,
"Thou'dſt paid by this, and been ſent back a Ghoſt.
He the rough orders ſtraits obeys, and bears
The killing news to wretched *Byblis* ears;
Like ſtriking thunder the fierce tidings ſtun,
And to her heart quicker than light'ning run:

The frighted blood forſakes her gaſtly face,
And a ſhort death does every member ſeize:
But ſoon as ſenſe returns, her frenzy too
Returns, and in theſe words breaks forth anew.
"And juſtly ſerv'd;— for why did fooliſh I
"Conſent to make this raſh diſcovery?
"Why did I thus in haſty lines reveal
"That dang'rous ſecret, Honour wou'd conceal?
"I ſhou'd have firſt with art diſguis'd the hook,
"And ſeen how well the gawdy bait had took,
"And found him hung at leaſt, before I ſtrook:
"From ſhore I ſhou'd have firſt deſcri'd the wind,
"Whether 'twould prove to my adventure kind,
"E're I to untry'd Seas my ſelf reſign'd:
"Now daſh'd on Rocks, unable to retire,
"I muſt i'th' wreck of all my hopes expire,
"And was not I by tokens plain enough
"Forewarn'd to quit my unauſpicious Love?
"Did not the Fates my ill ſucceſs foretel,
"When from my hands th' unhappy Letter fell?

So

" So ſhould my hopes have done, and my deſign,
" That, or the day ſhould then have alter'd bin;
" But rather the unlucky day; when Heaven
" Such ominous proofs of its diſlike had given:
" And ſo it had, had not mad Paſſion ſway'd,
" And Reaſon been by blinder Love miſled.
" Beſides (alas!) I ſhou'd my ſelf have gone,
" Nor made my Pen a proxy to my Tongue;
" Much more I could have ſpoke, much more have told,
" Than a ſhort Letter's narrow room would hold:
" He might have ſeen my Looks, my wiſhing Eyes,
" My melting Tears, and heard my begging Sighs;
" About his Neck I could have flung my Arms,
" And been all over Love, all over Charms;
" Graſp'd, and hung on his Knees, and there have dyed,
" There breath'd my gaſping Soul out, if denied:
" This and ten thouſand things I might have done
" To make my Paſſion with advantage known;

"Which if they each could not have bent his mind,
"Yet surely all had forc'd him to be kind.
"Perhaps he, whom I sent, was too in fault,
"Nor rightly tim'd his Message, as he ought;
"I fear he went in some ill-chosen hour,
"When cloudy weather made his temper lour.
"Not those calm seasons of the mind, which prove
"The fittest to receive the seeds of love,
"These things have ruin'd me; for doubtless he
"Is made of human flesh, and blood, like me;
"He suck'd no Tygress sure, nor Mountain Bear,
"Nor does his breast relentless Marble wear.
"He must, he shall consent, again I'le try,
"And try again, if he again deny:
"No scorn, no harsh repulse, or rough defeat
"Shall ever my desires, or hopes rebate.
"My earnest suits shall never give him rest,
"While Life, and Love more durable, shall last:
"Alive I'le press, till breath in pray'rs be lost,
"And after come a kind beseeching Ghost.

"For,

"For, if I might, what I have done, recall,
"The first point were, not to have don't at all;
"But since 'tis done, the second to be gain'd
"Is now to have, what I have sought, attain'd:
"For he, though I should now my wishes quit,
"Can never my unchaste attempts forget:
"Should I desist, 'twill be believ'd that I
"By slightly asking, taught him to deny;
"Or that I tempted him with wily fraud,
"And snares for his unwary Honour laid:
"Or, what I sent (and the belief were just)
"Were not th' efforts of Love, but shameful Lust.
"In fine, I now dare any thing that's ill;
"I've writ, I have solicited, my will
"Has been debauch'd; and shou'd I thus give out,
"I cannot chast, and innocent be thought:
"Much there is wanting still to be fulfill'd,
"Much to my wish, but little to my guilt.

She ſpoke; but ſuch is her unſettled mind,
It ſhifts from thought to thought, like veering wind,
Now to this point, and now to that inclin'd:
What ſhe could wiſh had unattempted been:
She ſtrait is eager to attempt agen:
What ſhe repents, ſhe acts; and now lets looſe
The reins to Love, nor any bounds allows,
Repulſe upon repulſe unmov'd ſhe bears,
And ſtill ſues on, while ſhe her ſuit deſpairs.

A SA-

A SATYR

Upon a WOMAN, who by her Falſhood and Scorn was the Death of his Friend.

NO ſhe ſhall ne're eſcape, if Gods there be,
Unleſs they perjur'd grow, and falſe as ſhe;
Though no ſtrange judgment yet the murd'reſs ſeize
To puniſh her, and quit the partial Skies:
Though no revenging light'ning yet has flaſht
From thence, that might her criminal beauties blaſt:
Though they in their old luſtre ſtill prevail,
By no diſeaſe, nor guilt it ſelf made pale.

Guilt

Guilt, which ſhould blackeſt *Moors* themſelves but own,

Would make through all their night new bluſhes dawn:

Though that kind ſoul, who now augments the bleſt,

Thither too ſoon by her unkindneſs chas'd:

(Where may it be her ſmall'ſt, and lighteſt doom,

(For that's not half my curſe) never to come)

Though he, when prompted by the high'ſt deſpair,

Ne're mention'd her without an Hymn, or Prayer,

And could by all her ſcorn be forc'd no more

Than Martyrs to revile what they adore.

Who, had he curſt her with his dying breath;

Had done but juſt, and Heaven had forgave:

Though ill-made Law no Sentence has ordain'd

For her, no Statute has her Guilt arraign'd.

(For Hangmen, Women's ſcorn, and Doctor's skill,

Hill by a licenc'd way of murder kill.)

Though

Though ſhe from juſtice of all theſe go free,
And boaſt perhaps in her ſucceſs, and cry,
'Twas but a little harmleſs perjury:
Yet think ſhe not, ſhe ſtill ſecure ſhall prove,
Or that none dare avenge an injur'd love:
I riſe in judgment, am to be to her
Both Witneſs, Judg, and Executioner:
Arm'd with dire Satyr, and reſentful ſpite,
I come to haunt her with the ghoſts of Wit.
My ink unbid ſtarts out, and flies on her,
Like blood upon ſome touching murderer:
And ſhou'd that fail, rather than want, I wou'd
Like Hags, to curſe her, write in my own blood.
Ye ſpightful pow'rs (if any there can be,
That boaſt a worſe, and keener ſpight than I)
Aſſiſt with malice, and your mighty aid
My ſworn Revenge, and help me Rhime her dead:
Grant I may fix ſuch brands of Infamy,
So plain, ſo deeply grav'd on her, that ſhe,

Her Skill, Patches, nor Paint, all joyn'd can hide,
And which ſhall laſting as her Soul abide:
Grant my rank hate may ſuch ſtrong poiſon caſt,
That every breath may taint, and rot, and blaſt,
Till one large gangreen quit o'reſpread her fame
With foul contagion; till her odious name,
Spit at, and curſt by every mouth like mine,
Be terror to her ſelf, and all her line.

Vile'ſt of that viler Sex, who damn'd us all!
Ordain'd to cauſe, and plague us, for our fall!
WOMAN! nay worſe! for ſhe can nought be ſaid,
But Mummy by ſome Dev'l inhabited:
Not made in Heaven's Mint, but baſe coin'd,
She wears an human image ſtampt on fiend;
And whoſo Marriage would with her contract,
Is Witch by Law, and that a meer compact:
Her Soul (if any Soul in her there be)
By Hell was breath'd into her in a lye,
And its whole ſtock of falſhood there was lent,
As if hereafter to be true it meant:

Bawd Nature taught her Jilting, when ſhe made,
And by her make, deſign'd her for the trade:
Hence 'twas ſhe daub'd her with a painted Face,
That ſhe at once might better cheat, and pleaſe:
All thoſe gay charming looks, that court the eye,
Are but an ambuſh to hid treachery;
Miſchief adorn'd with pomp, and ſmooth diſguiſe,
A painted skin ſtuff'd full of guile and lyes,
Within a gawdy Caſe, a naſty Soul,
Like T——of quality in a gilt Cloſe-ſtool:
Such on a Cloud thoſe flatt'ring colours are,
Which only ſerve to dreſs a Tempeſt fair.
So men upon this Earth's fair ſurface dwell,
Within are Fiends, and at the center Hell:
Court-promiſes, the Leagues, which States-men make
With more convenience, and more eaſe to break,
The Faith, a Jeſuit in Allegiance ſwears,
Or a Town-jilt to keeping Coxcombs bears,
Are firm, and certain all, compar'd with hers:

Early

Early in falſhood, at her Font ſhe lied,
And ſhould ev'n then for perjury been tried:
Her Conſcience ſtretch'd, and open as the Stews,
But laughs at Oaths, and plays with ſolemn Vows,
And at her mouth ſwallows down perjur'd breath,
More glib than bits of lechery beneath:
Leſs ſerious known, when ſhe doth moſt proteſt,
Than thoughts of arranteſt Buffoons in jeſt:
More cheap, than the vile mercenarieſt Squire,
That plies for Half-crown Fees at *Weſtminſter*,
And trades in ſtaple Oaths, and Swears to hire:
Leſſs guilt than hers, leſs breach of Oath, and Word
Has ſtood aloft, and look'd through Penance-board;
And he that truſts her in a Death-bed-Prayer,
Has Faith to merit, and ſave any thing, but her.
But ſince her Guilt deſcription does out-go;
I'le try if it out-ſtrip my Curſes too;

Curſes

Curſes, which may they equal my juſt hate,
My wiſh, and her deſert, be each ſo great,
Each heard like Pray'rs, and Heaven make 'em fate.

Firſt, for her Beauties, which the miſchief brought,
May ſhe affected, they be borrow'd thought,
By her own hand, not that of Nature wrought:
Her Credit, Honour, Portion, Health, and thoſe
Prove light, and frail, as her broke Faith, and Vows:
Some baſe unnam'd Diſeaſe, her Carkaſs foul,
And make her Body ugly, as her Soul.
Cankers, and Ulcers eat her, till ſhe be
Shun'd like Infection, loath'd like Infamy.
Strength quite expir'd, may ſhe alone retain
The ſnuff of life, may that unquench'd remain,
As in the damn'd, to keep her freſh for pain:
Hot Luſt light on her, and the plague of Pride
On that, this ever ſcorn'd, as that denied:
Ach, anguiſh, horror, grief, diſhonour, ſhame
Purſue at once her body, ſoul, and fame:

If e're the Devil-love muſt enter her
(For nothing ſure but Fiends can enter there)
May ſhe a juſt and true tormenter find,
And that like an ill-conſcience rack her mind:
Be ſome diſeas'd, and ugly wretch her fate,
She doom'd to love of one, whom all elſe hate.
May he hate her, and may her deſtiny
Be to deſpair, and yet love on, and die;
Or to invent ſome wittier puniſhment,
May he, to plague her, out of ſpite conſent;
May the old fumbler, though diſabled quite,
Have ſtrength to give her Claps, but no delight:
May he of her unjuſtly jealous be
For one that's worſe, and uglier far than he:
May's impotence balk, and torment her luſt,
Yet ſcarcely her to dreams, or wiſhes truſt:
Forc'd to be chaſt, may ſhe ſuſpected be,
Share none o'th' pleaſure, all the infamy.

In

In fine, that I all curſes may compleat
(For I've but curs'd in jeſt, and raillied yet)
Whate're the Sex deſerves, or feels, or fears,
May all thoſe plagues be hers, and only hers;
Whate're great Favourites turn'd out of doors,
Scorn'd Lovers, bilk'd and diſappointed Whores,
Or loſing Gameſters vent, what Curſes e're
Are ſpoke by ſinners raving in deſpair:
All thoſe fall on her, as they're all her due,
Till ſpite can't think, nor Heav'n inflict anew:
May then (for once I will be kind, and pray)
No madneſs take her uſe of Senſe away;
But may ſhe in full ſtrength of reaſon be,
To feel, and underſtand her miſery;
Plagu'd ſo, till ſhe think damning a releaſe,
And humbly pray to go to Hell for eaſe:
Yet may not all theſe ſuff'rings here attone
Her ſin, and may ſhe ſtill go ſinning on,

Tick up in Perjury, and run o'th' ſcore,
Till on her Soul ſhe can get truſt no more:
Then may ſhe ſtupid, and repentleſs die,
And Heav'n it ſelf forgive no more than I,
But ſo be damn'd of meer neceſſity.

FINIS.

SOME NEW
PIECES
Never before Publisht.

By the AUTHOR of the
Satyrs upon the Jesuites.

——————Nos etia vitæ
Solamur cantu, ventosaque gaudia famæ
Quærimus.—————— Stat. Sylv.

LONDON:
Printed by *M. C.* for *Jo. Hindmarsh,*
at the Black Bull in *Cornhil,* 1681.

ADVERTISEMENT.

BEing to appear anew in the world, it may be expected, that I should say something concerning these ensuing Trifles, which I shall endeavour to do with as much briefness, as I did before what I last publish'd in this kind.

I doubt not but the Reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in adventuring upon a Translation of The Art of Poetry, *after two such great Hands as have gone before me in the same attempt: I need not acquaint him, that I mean* Ben Johnson, *and the Earl of* Roscommon, *the one being of so establisht an Authority, that whatever he did is held as sacred, the other having lately perform'd it with such admirable success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after Pretenders of ever coming up to what he has done. Howbeit, when I let him know, that it was a Task impos'd upon me, and not what I voluntarily ingag'd in; I hope, he will be the more favourable in his Censures. I would indeed very willingly have wav'd the undertaking upon the forementiond account, and urg'd it as a reason for my declining the same, but it would not be allow'd as sufficient to excuse me. Wherefore, being prevail'd upon to make an Essay, I fell to thinking of some course, whereby I might serve my self of the Advantages, which those, that went before me, have either not*

minded, or ſcrupulouſly abridg'd themſelves of. This I ſoon imagin'd was to be effected by putting Horace *into a more modern dreſs, than hitherto he has appear'd in, that is, by making him ſpeak, as if he were living, and writing now. I therefore reſolv'd to alter the Scene from* Rome *to* London, *and to make uſe of* Engliſh *names of Men, Places, and Cuſtoms, where the Parallel would decently permit, which I conceiv'd would give a kind of new Air to the Poem, and render it more agreeable to the reliſh of the preſent Age.*

With theſe conſiderations I ſet upon the work, and purſued it accordingly. I have not, I acknowledg, been over-nice in keeping to the words of the Original, for that were to tranſgreſs a Rule therein contained. Nevertheleſs I have been religiouſly ſtrict to its ſence, and expreſt it in as plain, and intelligible a manner, as the Subject would bear. Where I may be thought to have varied from it (which is not above once or twice, and in Paſſages not much material) the skilful Reader will perceive 'twas neceſſary for carrying on my propos'd deſign, and the Author himſelf, were he again alive, would (I believe) forgive me. I have been careful to avoid ſtiffneſs, and made it my endeavour to hit (as near as I could) the eaſie and familiar way of writing, which is peculiar to Horace *in his Epiſtles, and was his proper talent above any of mankind. After all, 'tis ſubmitted to the judgment of the truly knowing, how I have acquitted my ſelf herein. Let the ſucceſs be what it will, I ſhall not however wholly repent of my undertaking, being (I reckon)*

reckon) in some measure recompenc'd for my pains by the advantage I have reap'd of fixing these admirable Rules of Sense so well in my memory.

The Satyr *and* Odes *of the Author, which follow next in order, I have translated after the same libertine way. In them also I labour'd under the disadvantages of coming after other persons. The* Satyr *had been made into a Scene by* B. Johnson, *in a Play of his, called the* Poetaster. *After I had finish'd my Imitation thereof, I came to learn, that it had been done likewise by Dr.* Sprat, *and since I have had the sight of it amongst the Printed Translations of* Horace's *Works. The* Odes *are there done too, but not so excellently well, as to discourage any farther endeavours. If these of mine meet with good entertainment in the world, I may perhaps find leisure to attempt some other of them, which at present suffer as much from their Translaters, as the Psalms of* David *from* Sternhold *and* Hopkins.

The two sacred Odes *I design'd not to have made publick now, forasmuch as they might seem unfit to appear among Subjects of this nature, and were intended to come forth apart hereafter in company of others of their own kind. But, having suffer'd Copies of them to straggle abroad in Manuscript, and remembring the Fate of some other Pieces of mine, which have formerly stolen into the Press without my leave, or knowledg, and been expos'd to the world abominably false and uncorrect; to prevent the same misfortune likely enough to befal these, I have been perswaded to yield my consent to their Publishing*

amongſt the reſt. Nor is the Printing of ſuch Miſcellanies altogether ſo unprecidented, but that it may be ſeen in the Editions of Dr. Donne, *and Mr.* Cowley's *Works, whether done by their own appointment, or the ſole direction of the Stationers, I am not able to determine.*

As for the two Eſſays out of Greek, *they were occaſion'd by a report, that ſome perſons found fault with the roughneſs of my Satyrs formerly publiſht, tho, upon what ground they ſhould do it, I could be glad to be inform'd. Unleſs I am miſtaken, there are not many lines but will endure the reading without ſhocking any Hearer, that is not too nice, and cenſorious. I confeſs, I did not ſo much mind the Cadence, as the Senſe and expreſſiveneſs of my words, and therefore choſe not thoſe, which were beſt diſpos'd to placing themſelves in Rhyme, but rather the moſt keen, and tuant, as being the ſuitableſt to my Argument. And certainly no one that pretends to diſtinguiſh the ſeveral Colours of Poetry, would expect that* Juvenal, *when he is laſhing of Vice, and Villany, ſhould flow ſo ſmoothly, as* Ovid, *or* Tibullus, *when they are deſcribing Amours and Gallantries, and have nothing to diſturb and ruffle the evenneſs of their Stile.*

Howbeit, to ſhew that the way I took, was out of choice, not want of judgment, and that my Genius is not wholly uncapable of performing upon more gay and agreeable Subjects, if my humor inclin'd me to exerciſe it, I have pitch'd upon theſe two, which the greateſt men of ſenſe have allow'd to be ſome of the ſofteſt and tendereſt of all Antiquity. Nay, if we

will

will believe Rapin, one of the best Criticks which these latter Ages have produc'd; they have no other fault, than that they are too exquisitely delicate for the Character of Pastoral, which should not seem too labour'd, and whose chief beauty is an unaffected air of plainness and simplicity.

That, which laments the Death of Adonis has been attempted in Latin by several great Masters, namely, Vulcanius, Douza, and Monsieur le Fevre. The last of them has done it Paraphrastically, but left good part of the Poem toward the latter end untouch'd, perhaps because he thought it not so capable of Ornament, as the rest. Him I chiefly chose to follow, as being most agreeable to my way of translating, and where I was at a loss for want of his guidance, I was content to steer by my own Fancy.

The Translation of that upon Bion was begun by another Hand, as far as the first fifteen Verses, but who was the Author I could never yet learn. I have been told that they were done by the Earl of Rochester; but I could not well believe it, both because he seldom meddled with such Subjects, and more especially by reason of an uncorrect line, or two to be found amongst them, at their first coming to my hands, which never us'd to flow from his excellent Pen. Conceiving it to be in the Original, a piece of as much Art, Grace, and Tenderness, as perhaps was ever offered to the Ashes of a Poet, I thought fit to dedicate it to the memory of that incomparable Person, of whom nothing can be said, or thought so choice and curious, which his Deserts do not surmount, If it be thought mean to have borrow'd the Sense of another

another to praiſe him in, yet at leaſt it argues at the ſame time a value and reverence, that I durſt not think any thing of my own good enough for his Commendation.

This is all, which I judg material to be ſaid of theſe following Reſveries. As for what others are to be found in the parcel, I reckon them not worth mentioning in particular, but leave them wholly open and unguarded to the mercy of the Reader; let him make his Attaques how, and where he pleaſe.

The

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ERRATA.

PAge 10. l. 10. for do *difference*, read *Indifference*. p. 48. l. 4. r. *Than that*, p. 10[illegible]. l. 4. r. *return't*, p. 113. l. 10. r. *Off'ring*, p. 124. r. *jingling*.

HO-

HORACE
His ART of POETRY,
Imitated in *Engliſh.*

Addreſt by way of Letter to a Friend.

SHould ſome ill Painter in a wild deſign
To a mans Head an Horſes ſhoulders joyn,
Or Fiſhes Tail to a fair Womans Waſte,
Or draw the Limbs of many a different Beaſt,
Ill match'd, and with as motly Feathers dreſt;
If you by chance were to paſs by his Shop;
Could you forbear from laughing at the Fop,
And not believe him whimſical, or mad?
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad,

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And not believe him whimſical, or mad?
Credit me, Sir, that Book is quite as bad,

As worthy laughter, which throughout is fill'd
With monſtrous inconſiſtencies, more vain, and wild
Than ſick mens Dreams, whoſe neither head, nor (tail,
Nor any parts in due proportion fall.
But 'twill be ſaid, *None ever did deny*
Painters and Poets their free liberty
Of feigning any thing: We grant it true,
And the ſame privilege crave and allow:
But to mix natures clearly oppoſite,
To make the Serpent and the Dove unite,
Or Lambs from Savage Tygers ſeek defence,
Shocks Reaſon, and the rules of common Sence.

Some, who would have us think they meant to treat,
At firſt on Arguments of greateſt weight,
Are proud, when here and there a glittering line
Does through the maſs of their coarſe rubbiſh ſhine:
In gay digreſſions they delight to rove,
Deſcribing here a Temple, there a Grove,
A Vale enamel'd o're with pleaſant ſtreams,
A painted Rainbow, or the gliding *Thames*.

But

But how does this relate to their design?
Though good elsewhere, 'tis here but foisted in.
A common Dawber may perhaps have skill
To Paint a Tavern Sign, or Landskip well:
But what is this to Drawing of a Fight,
A Wrack, a Storm, or the *last Judgment* right?
When the fair Model, and Foundation shews,
That you some great *Escurial* would produce,
How comes it dwindled to a Cottage thus?
In fine, whatever work you mean to frame,
Be uniform, and every where the same.

Most Poets, Sir, ('tis easie to observe)
Into the worst of faults are apt to swerve
Through a false hope of reaching excellence:
Avoiding length, we often cramp our Sense,
And make't obscure; oft, when we'd have our stile
Easie, and flowing, lose its force the while:
Some, striving to surmount the common flight,
Soar up in airy Bombast out of sight.
Others, who fear to a bold pitch to trust
Themselves, flag low, and humbly sweep the dust:

And many fond of ſeeming marvellous,
While they too careleſly tranſgreſs the Laws
Of likelihood, moſt odd *Chimera's* feign,
Dolphins in Woods, and Boars upon the Main.
Thus they, who would take aim, but want the skill,
Miſs always, and ſhoot wide, or narrow ſtill.

One of the meaneſt Workmen in the Town
Can imitate the Nails, or Hair in Stone,
And to the life enough perhaps, who yet
Wants maſtery to make the work complete:
Troth, Sir, if 'twere my fancy to compoſe,
Rather than be this bungling wretch, I'd chooſe
To wear a crooked and unſightly Noſe
'Mongſt other handſome features of a Face
Which only would ſet off my uglineſs.

Be ſure all you that undertake to write,
To chooſe a Subject for your Genius fit:
Try long and often what your Talents are;
What is the burthen, which your parts will bear,
And where they'l fail: he that diſcerns with skill
To call his Argument, and matter well,

Will

Will never be to ſeek for Eloquence
To dreſs, or method to diſpoſe his Senſe.
They the chief Art, and Grace in order ſhow
(If I may claim any pretence to know)
Who time diſcreetly what's to be diſcourſt,
What ſhould be ſaid at laſt, and what at firſt:
Some paſſages at preſent may be heard,
Others till afterward are beſt deferr'd:
Verſe, which diſdains the Laws of Hiſtory,
Speaks things not as they are, but ought to be:
Whoever will in Poetry excel,
Muſt learn, and uſe this hidden ſecret well.
'Tis next to be obſerv'd, that care is due,
And ſparingneſs in framing words anew:
You ſhew your maſt'ry, if you have the knack
So to make uſe of what known word you take,
To give't a newer ſenſe: if there be need
For ſome uncommon matter to be ſaid;
Pow'r of inventing terms may be allow'd,
Which *Chaucer* and his Age ne're underſtood:

Provided always, as 'twas ſaid before,
We ſeldom, and diſcreetly uſe that pow'r.
Words new and forein may be beſt brought in,
If borrow'd from a Language near a kin:
Why ſhould the pievish Criticks now forbid
To *Lee*, and *Dryden*, what was not deny'd
To *Shakeſpear*, *Ben*, and *Fletcher* heretofore,
For which they praiſe, and commendation bore?
If *Spencer*'s Muſe be juſtly ſo ador'd
For that rich copiouſneſs, wherewith he ſtor'd
Our Native Tongue; for Gods ſake why ſhould I
Straight be thought arrogant, if modeſtly
I claim and uſe the ſelf-ſame liberty?
This the juſt Right of Poets ever was,
And will be ſtill to coin what words they pleaſe,
Well fitted to the preſent Age, and Place,
Words with the Leaves of Trees a ſemblance hold
In this reſpect, where every year the old
Fall off, and new ones in their places grow:
Death is the Fate of all things here below:

Nature

Nature her ſelf by Art has changes felt,
The *Tangier* Mole (by our great *Monarch* built)
Like a vaſt Bulwark in the Ocean ſet,
From Pyrates and from Storms defends our Fleet:
Fens every day are drain'd, and men now Plow,
And Sow, and Reap, where they before might Row;
And Rivers have been taught by *Middleton*
From their old courſe within new Banks to run,
And pay their uſeful Tribute to the Town.
If Mans and Natures works ſubmit to Fate,
Much leſs muſt words expect a laſting date:
Many which we approve for currant now,
In the next Age out of requeſt ſhall grow:
And others which are now thrown out of doors,
Shall be reviv'd, and come again in force, (draw,
If cuſtom pleaſe: from whence their vogue they
Which of our Speech is the ſole Judg, and Law.
Homer firſt ſhew'd us in Heroick ſtrains
To write of Wars, of Battles and Campaigns,
Kings and great Leaders, mighty in Renown,
And him we ſtill for our chief Pattern own.

Soft

Soft Elegy, deſign'd for grief, and tears,
Was firſt devis'd to grace ſome mournful Herſe:
Since to a briſker note 'tis taught to move,
And cloaths our gayeſt Paſſions, Joy, and Love.
But, who was firſt Inventer of the kind,
Criticks have ſought, but never yet could find.

Gods, Heroes, Warriors, and the lofty praiſe
Of peaceful Conquerors in *Piſa*'s Race,
The Mirth and Joys, which Love and Wine produce,
With other wanton ſallies of a Muſe,
The ſtately Ode does for its Subjects chooſe.

Archilochus to vent his Gall and ſpite,
In keen Iambicks firſt was known to write:
Dramatick Authors us'd this ſort of Verſe
On all the *Greek* and *Roman* Theaters,
As for Diſcourſe and Converſation fit,
And aptſt to drown the noiſes of the Pit.

If I diſcern not the true ſtile and air,
Nor how to give the proper Character

To every kind of work; how dare I claim,
And challenge to my self a Poets Name?
And why had I with awkard modesty,
Rather than learn, always unskilful be?
Volpone and *Morose* will not admit
Of *Catiline*'s high strains, nor is it fit
To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear
In the low dress, which Comick persons wear.
What e're the Subject be, on which you write,
Give each thing its due place, and time aright:
Yet Comedy sometimes may raise her stile,
And angry *Chremes* is allow'd to swell,
And Tragedy alike sometimes has leave
To throw off Majesty, when 'tis to grieve:
Peleus and *Telephus* in misery,
Lay their big words, and blust'ring language by,
If they expect to make their Audience cry.
'Tis not enough to have your Plays succeed;
That they be elegant: they must not need

Thoſe warm and moving touches which impart
A kind concernment to each Hearers heart,
And raviſh it which way they pleaſe with art.
Where Joy and Sorrow put on good diſguiſe,
Ours with the perſons looks ſtraight ſympathize:
Would'ſt have me weep? thy ſelf muſt firſt begin;
Then, *Telephus*, to pity I incline,
And think thy caſe, and all thy ſuff'rings mine;
But if thou'rt made to act thy part amiſs,
I can't forbear to ſleep, or laugh, or hiſs.
Let words expreſs the looks, which ſpeakers wear;
Sad, fit a mournful, and dejected air;
The paſſionate muſt huff, and ſtorm, and rave;
The gay be pleaſant, and the ſerious grave.
For Nature works, and moulds our Frame within,
To take all manner of Impreſſions in:
Now makes us hot, and ready to take fire,
Now hope, now joy, now ſorrow does inſpire,
And all theſe paſſions in our face appear,
Of which the Tongue is ſole interpreter:

But he whoſe words, and Fortunes do not ſuit,
By Pit and Gall'ry both, is hooted out.
Obſerve what Characters your perſons fit,
Whether the Maſter ſpeak, or *Todelet:*
Whether a man, that's elderly in growth,
Or a brisk Hotſpur in his boiling youth:
A roaring Bully, or a ſhirking Cheat,
A Court-bred Lady, or a tawdry Cit:
A prating Goſſip, or a jilting Whore,
A travell'd Merchant, or an homeſpun Bore:
Spaniard, or *French*, *Italian*, *Dutch*, or *Dane*;
Native of *Turky*, *India*, or *Japan*.
Either from Hiſtory your perſons take,
Or let them nothing inconſiſtent ſpeak:
If you bring great *Achilles* on the Stage,
Let him be fierce and brave, all heat and rage,
Inflexible, and head-ſtrong to all Laws,
But thoſe, which Arms and his own will impoſe.
Cruel *Medea* muſt no pity have,
Ixion muſt be treacherous, *Ino* grieve,
Io muſt wander, and *Oreſtes* rave.

But if you dare to tread in paths unknown,
And boldly ſtart new perſons of your own;
Be ſure to make them in one ſtrain agree,
And let the end like the beginning be.

'Tis difficult for Writers to ſucceed
On Arguments, which none before have tri'd:
The *Iliad*, or the *Odyſſee* with eaſe
Will better furniſh Subjects for your Plays
Than that you ſhould your own Invention truſt,
And broach unheard-of things your ſelf the firſt.
In copying others works, to make them paſs,
And ſeem your own, let theſe few rules take place:
When you ſome of their Story repreſent,
Take care that you new Epiſodes invent:
Be not too nice the Authors words to trace,
But vary all with a freſh air, and grace;
Nor ſuch ſtrict rules of imitation chooſe,
Which you muſt ſtill be tied to follow cloſe,
Or forc'd to a retreat for want of room,
Give over, and ridiculous become.

Do not like that affected Fool begin,
King Priam's *Fate, and* Troy's *fam'd War, I ſing.*
What will this mighty Promiſer produce?
You look for Mountains, and out creeps a Mouſe.
How ſhort is this of *Homer*'s fine Addreſs,
And Art, who ne're ſays any thing amiſs?
Muſe, ſpeak the man, who ſince Troy's *laying waſte*
Into ſuch numerous Dangers has been caſt
So many Towns, and various People paſt:
He does not laviſh at a blaze his Fire,
To glare a while, and in a ſnuff expire:
But modeſtly at firſt conceals his light,
In dazling wonders, then breaks forth to ſight;
Surprizes you with Miracles all o're,
Makes dreadful *Scylla* and *Charybdis* roar,
Cyclops, and bloody *Leſtrygons* devour:
Nor does he time in long Preambles ſpend,
Deſcribing *Meleager*'s ruful end,
When he's of *Diomed*'s return to treat;
Nor when he would the *Trojan* War relate,
The Tale of brooding *Leda*'s Eggs repeat.

But

But ſtill to the deſign'd event haſts on,
And at firſt daſh, as if before 'twere known,
Embarques you in the middle of the Plot,
And what is unimprovable leaves out,
And mixes Truth and Fiction skilfully,
That nothing in the whole may diſagree.

Who e're you are, that ſet your ſelves to write,
If you expect to have your Audience fit
Till the fifth Act be done, and Curtain fall;
Mind what Inſtructions I ſhall further tell:
Our Guiſe, and Manners alter with our Age,
And ſuch they muſt be brought upon the Stage.

A Child, who newly has to Speech attain'd,
And now can go without the Nurſes hand,
To play with thoſe of his own growth is pleas'd,
Suddenly angry, and as ſoon appeas'd,
Fond of new Trifles, and as quickly cloy'd,
And loaths next hour what he th' laſt enjoy'd.

The beardleſs Youth from Pedagogue got looſe,
Does Dogs and Horſes for his pleaſures chooſe;

Yield-

Yielding, and soft to every print of vice,
Restly to those who would his faults chastise,
Careless of profit, of expences vain,
Haughty, and eager his desires t' obtain,
And swift to quit the same desires again.

Those, who to manly years, and sense are grown,
Seek Wealth and Friendship, Honor and Renown:
And are discreet, and fearful how to act
What after they must alter and correct.

Diseases, Ills, and Troubles numberless
Attend old Men, and with their Age increase:
In painful toil they spend their wretched years,
Still heaping Wealth, and with that wealth new cares:
Fond to possess, and fearful to enjoy,
Slow, and suspicious in their managry,
Full of Delays, and Hopes, lovers of ease,
Greedy of life, morose, and hard to please,
Envious at Pleasures of the young and gay,
Where they themselves now want a stock to play:
Ill natur'd Censors of the present Age,
And what has past since they have quit the Stage:

But loud Admirers of Queen *Besse's* time,
And what was done when they were in their prime.
Thus, what our tide of flowing years brings in,
Still with our ebb of life goes out agen:
The humors of Fourscore will never hit
One of Fifteen, nor a Boy's part befit
A full-grown man: it shews no mean Address,
If you the tempers of each Age express.
Some things are best to act, others to tell;
Those by the ear convey'd, do not so well,
Nor half so movingly affect the mind,
As what we to our eyes presented find.
Yet there are many things, which should not come
In view, nor pass beyond the Tiring Room:
Which, after in expressive Language told,
Shall please the Audience more, than to behold:
Let not *Medea* shew her fatal rage,
And cut her Childrens Throats upon the Stage:
Nor *Oedipus* tear out his eye-balls there,
Nor bloody *Atreus* his dire Feast prepare:

Cadmus,

Cadmus, nor *Progne* their odd changes take,
This to a Bird, the other to a Snake:
Whatever so incredible you show,
Shocks my Belief, and straight does nauseous grow.

Five Acts, no more, nor less, your Play must have;
If you'l an handsome Third days share receive.
Let not a God be summon'd to attend
On a slight errand, nor on Wire descend.
Unless th' importance of the Plot engage;
And let but three at once speak on the Stage.

Be sure to make the *Chorus* still promote
The chief Intrigue and business of the Plot:
Betwixt the Acts there must be nothing Sung,
Which does not to the main design belong:
The praises of the Good must here be told,
The Passions curb'd, and foes of Vice extoll'd:
Here Thrift and Temperance, and wholesome Laws,
Strict Justice, and the gentle calms of Peace
Must have their Commendations, and Applause:

And Prayers muſt be ſent to Heaven to guide
Blind Fortunes bleſſings to the juſter ſide,
To raiſe the Poor, and lower proſp'rous Pride.

At firſt the Muſick of our Stage was rude,
Whilſt in the *Cock-Pit* and *Black-Friers* it ſtood:
And this might pleaſe enough in former Reigns,
A thrifty, thin, and baſhful Audience:
When *Buſſy d' Ambois* and his Fuſtian took,
And men were raviſh'd with Queen *Gordobuc*.
But ſince our Monarch by kind Heaven ſent,
Brought back the Arts with him from Baniſhment,
And by his gentle influence gave increaſe
To all the harmleſs Luxuries of peace:
Favour'd by him, our Stage has flouriſht too,
And every day in outward ſplendor grew:
In Muſick, Song, and Dance of every kind,
And all the grace of Action 'tis refin'd;
And ſince that Opera's at length came in,
Our Players have ſo well improv'd the Scene
With gallantry of Habit, and Machine:

As makes our Theater in Glory vie
With the beſt Ages of Antiquity:
And mighty *Roſcius* were he living now,
Would envy both our Stage, and Acting too.
Thoſe, who did firſt in Tragedy eſſay
(When a vile Goat was all the Poets day)
Us'd to allay their Subjects gravity
With enterludes of Mirth, and Raillery:
Here they brought rough, and naked Satyrs in,
Whoſe Farce-like Geſture, Motion, Speech, and Meen
Reſembled thoſe of modern *Harlequin.*
Becauſe ſuch antick Tricks, and odd grimace,
After their drunken Feaſts on Holidays,
The giddy and hot-headed Rout would pleaſe:
As the wild Feats of *Merry Andrews* now
Divert the ſenſleſs Crowd at *Bartholmew.*
But he, that would in this Mock-way excel,
And exerciſe the Art of Railying well,
Had need with diligence obſerve this Rule
In turning ſerious things to ridicule:

If he an Hero, or a God bring in,
With Kingly Robes, and Scepter lately seen,
Let them not speak, like Burlesque Characters,
The wit of *Billingsgate* and *Temple-stairs*:
Nor, while they of those meannesses beware,
In tearing lines of *Bajazet* appear.
Majestick Tragedy as much disdains
To condescend to low, and trivial strains:
As a Court Lady thinks her self disgrac'd
To Dance with Dowdies at a May-pole Feast.

If in this kind you will attempt to write,
You must no broad and clownish words admit:
Nor must you so confound your Characters,
As not to mind what person 'tis appears.
Take a known Subject, and invent it well,
And let your stile be smooth and natural:
Though others think it easie to attain,
They'l find it hard, and imitate in vain:
So much does method and connexion grace
The common'st things, the plainest matters raise.

In

In my opinion 'tis abſurd and odd,
To make wild Satyrs, coming from the Wood,
Speak the fine Language of the *Park* and *Mall*,
As if they had their Training at *Whitehall*:
Yet, tho I would not have their Words too quaint,
Much leſs can I allow them impudent:
For men of Breeding, and of Quality
Muſt needs be ſhock'd with fulſom Ribaldry:
Which, tho it paſs the Footboy and the Cit,
Is always nauſeous to the Box, and Pit.

There are but few, who have ſuch skilful ears
To judg of artleſs, and ill-meaſur'd Verſe.
This till of late was hardly underſtood,
And ſtill there's too much liberty allow'd.
But will you therefore be ſo much a fool
To write at random, and neglect a Rule?
Or, while your faults are ſet to general view,
Hope all men ſhould be blind, or pardon you?
Who would not ſuch fool-hardineſs condemn,
Where, tho perchance you may eſcape from blame,
Yet praiſe you never can expect, or claim?

Therefore be ſure your ſtudy to apply
To the great patterns of Antiquity:
Ne're lay the Greeks and Romans out of ſight,
Ply them by day, and think on them by night.
Rough hobbling numbers were allow'd for Rhime,
And clench for deep conceit in former time:
With too much patience (not to call it worſe)
Both were applauded in our Anceſtors:
If you, or I have ſenſe to judg aright
Betwixt a Quibble, and true ſterling Wit:
Or ear enough to give the difference
Of ſweet well-ſounding Verſe from doggrel ſtrains,
Theſpis ('tis ſaid) did Tragedy deviſe,
Unknown before, and rude at its firſt riſe:
In Carts the Gypſie Actors ſtrowl'd about,
With faces ſmear'd with Lees of Wine and Soot,
And through the Towns amus'd the wondring rout:
Till *Æſchylus* appearing to the Age,
Contriv'd a Play-houſe, and convenient Stage,

Found

Found out the uſe of Vizards, and a Dreſs
(An handſomer, and more gentile Diſguiſe)
And taught the Actors with a ſtately Air,
And Meen to ſpeak, and Tread, and whatſoe're
Gave Port, and Grandeur to the Theater.

Next this ſucceeded ancient Comedy,
With good applauſe, till too much liberty
Uſurp'd by Writers had debauch'd the Stage,
And made it grow the Grievance of the Age:
No merit was ſecure, no perſon free
From its licentious Buffoonery:
Till for redreſs the Magiſtrate was fain
By Law thoſe Inſolencies to reſtrain.

Our Authors in each kind their praiſe may claim,
Who leave no paths untrod, that lead to fame:
And well they merit it, who ſcorn'd to be
So much the Vaſſals of Antiquity,
As thoſe, who know no better than to cloy
With the old muſty Tales of *Thebes* and *Troy*:
But boldly the dull beaten track forſook,
And Subjects from our Country-ſtory took.

Nor

Nor would our Nation leſs in Wit appear,
Than in its great Performances of War;
Were there encouragements to bribe our care:
Would we to file, and finiſh ſpare the pains,
And add but juſtneſs to our manly ſence.
But, Sir, let nothing tempt you to bely
Your skill, and judgment, by mean flattery:
Never pretend to like a piece of Wit,
But what, you're certain, is correctly writ:
But what has ſtood all Teſts, and is allow'd
By all to be unqueſtionably good.
Becauſe ſome wild Enthuſiaſts there be
Who bar the Rules of Art in Poetry,
Would have it rapture all, and ſcarce admit
A man of ſober ſenſe to be a Wit;
Others by this conceit have been miſled
So much, that they're grown ſtatutably mad:
The Sots affect to be retir'd alone,
Court Solitude and Converſation ſhun,
In dirty Cloaths, and a wild Garb appear,
And ſcarce are brought to cut their Nails and Hair.

And hope to purchaſe credit and eſteem,
When they, like *Cromwel's Porter*, frantick ſeem.
Strange! that the very height of Lunacy,
Beyond the cure of *Allen*, e're ſhould be
A mark of the Elect in Poetry.
How much an Aſs am I that us'd to Bleed,
And take a Purge each Spring to clear my Head?
None otherwiſe would be ſo good as I,
At lofty ſtrains, and rants of Poetry:
But, faith, I am not yet ſo fond of Fame,
To loſe my Reaſon for a Poets name.
Tho I my ſelf am not diſpos'd to write;
In others I may ſerve to ſharpen Wit:
Acquaint them what a Poet's duty is,
And how he ſhall perform it with ſucceſs:
Whence the materials for his work are ſought,
And how with skilful Art they muſt be wrought:
And ſhew what is and is not decency,
And where his faults and excellencies lie.
Good ſenſe muſt be the certain ſtandard ſtill
To all that will pretend to writing well:

If

If you'l arrive at that, you needs muſt be
Well vers'd and grounded in Philoſophy:
Then chooſe a Subject, which you throughly know,
And words unſought thereon will eaſie flow.
Who e're will write, muſt diligently mind
The ſeveral ſorts and ranks of humane kind:
He that has learnt, what to his Country's due,
What we to Parents, Friends, and Kindred owe,
What charge a Stateſman, or a Judg does bear,
And what the parts of a Commander are;
Will never be at loſs (he may be ſure)
To give each perſon their true portraiture.
Take humane life for your original,
Keep but your Draughts to that, you'l never fail.
Sometimes in Plays, tho elſe but badly writ,
With nought of Force, or Grace, of Art, or Wit,
Some one well humor'd Character we meet,
That takes us more than all the empty Scenes,
And jingling toys of more elaborate Pens.
Greece had command of Language, Wit and Sence,
For cultivating which ſhe ſpar'd no pains:

Glory

Glory her ſole deſign, and all her aim
Was how to gain her ſelf immortal Fame:
Our *Engliſh* Youth another way are bred,
They're fitted for a Prentiſhip, and Trade,
And *Wingate*'s all the Authors, which they've read.
The Boy has been a year at Writing-School,
Has learnt Diviſion, and the Golden Rule;
Scholar enough! cries the old doating Fool,
I'le hold a piece, he'l prove an Alderman,
And come to ſit at Church with's Furs and Chain.
This is the top deſign, the only praiſe,
And ſole ambition of the booby Race:
While this baſe ſpirit in the Age does reign,
And men mind nought but Wealth and ſordid gain,
Can we expect or hope it ſhould bring forth
A work in Poetry of any worth,
Fit for the learned *Bodley* to admit
Among its Sacred Monuments of Wit?
A Poet ſhould inform us, or divert,
But joyning both he ſhews his chiefeſt Art:

What-

Whatever Precepts you pretend to give,
Be ſure to lay them down both clear and brief:
By that they're eaſier far to apprehend,
By this more faithfully preſerv'd in mind:
All things ſuperfluous are apt to cloy
The Judgment, and ſurcharge the Memory.
Let whatſoe're of Fiction you bring in,
Be ſo like Truth, to ſeem at leaſt akin:
Do not improbabilities conceive,
And hope to ram them into my belief:
Ne're make a Witch upon the Stage appear,
Riding enchanted Broomſtick through the Air:
Nor Canibal a living Infant ſpew,
Which he had murther'd, and devour'd but now.
The graver ſort diſlike all Poetry,
Which does not (as they call it) edifie:
And youthful ſparks as much that Wit deſpiſe,
Which is not ſtrew'd with pleaſant Gaieties.
But he, that has the knack of mingling well
What is of uſe with what's agreeable,

That knows at once how to inſtruct and pleaſe,
Is juſtly crown'd by all mens ſuffrages:
Theſe are the works, which valued every where,
Enrich *Paul's Church-yard* and the Stationer:
Theſe admiration through all Nations claim,
And through all Ages ſpread their Author's Fame.
Yet there are faults wherewith we ought to bear;
An Inſtrument may ſometimes chance to jar
In the beſt hand, in ſpight of all its care:
Nor have I known that skilful Marks-man yet
So fortunate, who never miſt the White.
But where I many excellencies find,
I'm not ſo nicely critical to mind
Each ſlight miſtake an Author may produce,
Which humane frailty juſtly may excuſe.
Yet he, who having oft been taught to mend
A Fault, will ſtill purſue it to the end,
Is like that ſcraping Fool, who the ſame Note
Is ever playing, and is ever out,

And ſilly as that bubble every whit,
Who at the ſelf-ſame blot is always hit.
When ſuch a lewd incorrigible ſot
Lucks by meer chance upon ſome happy thought;
Among ſuch filthy traſh, I vex to ſee't,
And wonder how (the Devil!) he came by't.
In works of bulk and length we now and then
May grant an Author to be overſeen:
Homer himſelf, how ſacred e're he is,
Yet claims not a pretence to Faultleſneſs.
Poems with Pictures a reſemblance bear;
Some (beſt at diſtance) ſhun a view too near:
Others are bolder and ſtand off to fight;
Theſe love the ſhade, thoſe chooſe the cleareſt light.
And dare the ſurvey of the skilfull'ſt eyes:
Some once, and ſome ten thouſand times will pleaſe.
Sir, though your ſelf ſo much of knowledg own
In theſe affairs, that you can learn of none,
Yet mind this certain truth which I lay down:
Moſt Callings elſe do difference allow,
Where ordinary Parts, and Skill may do:

I've

I've known Phyſicians, who reſpect might claim,
Tho they ne're roſe to *Willis* his great fame:
And there are Preachers, who have juſt renown,
Yet ne're come up to *Sprat*, or *Tillotſon*:
And Counſellors, or Pleaders in the Hall
May have eſteem, and practice, tho they fall
Far ſhort of ſmooth-tongu'd *Finch* in Eloquence,
Tho they want *Selden*'s Learning, *Vaughan*'s ſence.
But Verſe alone does of no mean admit,
Who e're will pleaſe, muſt pleaſe us to the height:
He muſt a *Cowley* or a *Fleckno* be,
For there's no ſecond Rate in Poetry:
A dull inſipid Writer none can bear,
In every place he is the publick jeer,
And Lumber of the Shops and Stationer.
No man that underſtands to make a Feaſt,
With a coarſe Deſſert will offend his Gueſt.
Or bring ill Muſick in to grate the ear,
Becauſe 'tis what the entertain might ſpare.
Tis the ſame caſe with thoſe that deal in Wit,
Whoſe main deſign and end ſhould be delight:

They muſt by this ſame ſentence ſtand, or fall,
Be highly excellent, or not at all.
In all things elſe, ſave only Poetry,
Men ſhew ſome ſigns of common modeſty:
You'l hardly find a Fencer ſo unwiſe,
Who at *Bear-garden* e're will fight a Prize,
Not having learnt before: nor at a Wake
One, that wants skill and ſtrength, the Girdle take;
Or be ſo vain the pond'rous Weight to ſling,
For fear they ſhould be hiſs'd out of the Ring.
Yet every Coxcomb will pretend to Verſe,
And write in ſpight of nature, and his Stars:
All ſorts of Subjects challenge at this time
Their Liberty, and Property of Rhime.
The Sot of honor, fond of being great
By ſomething elſe than Title, and Eſtate,
As if a Patent gave him claim to ſence,
Or 'twere entail'd with an inheritance,
Believes a caſt of Foot-boys, and a ſet
Of *Flanders* muſt advance him to a Wit.

But you who have the judgment to descry
Where you excel, which way your Talents lie,
I'm sure, will never be induc'd to strain
Your Genius, or attempt against your vein.
Yet (this let me advise) if e're you write,
Let none of your compositures see the light,
Till they've been throughly weigh'd, and past the Test
Of all those Judges who are thought the best:
While in your Desk they're lock'd up from the Press,
You've power to correct them as you please:
But when they once come forth to view of all,
Your Faults are chronicled, and past recall.
Orpheus the first of the inspired Train,
By force of powerful numbers did restrain
Mankind from rage, and bloody cruelty,
And taught the barbarous world civility.
Hence rose the Fiction, which the Poets fram'd,
That Lions were by's tuneful Magick tam'd,

And Tygers, charm'd by his harmonious Lays,
Grew gentle, and laid by their ſavageneſs:
Hence that, which of *Amphion* too they tell,
The pow'r of whoſe miraculous Lute could call
The well-plac'd ſtones into the *Theban* Wall.
Wondrous were the effects of primitive Verſe,
Which ſetled and reform'd the Univerſe:
This did all things to their due ends reduce,
To publick, private, ſacred, civil uſe:
Marriage for weighty cauſes was ordain'd,
That bridled luſt, and lawleſs Love reſtrain'd:
Cities with Walls, and Rampiers were incloſ'd,
And Property with wholſom Laws diſpos'd:
And bounds were fix'd of Equity and Right,
To guard weak Innocence from wrongful might.
Hence Poets have been held a ſacred name,
And plac'd with firſt Rates in the Liſts of Fame.
Next theſe, great *Homer* to the world appear'd,
Around the Globe his loud alarms were heard,
Which all the brave to war-like action fir'd:

And *Hesiod* after him with useful skill
Gave Lessons to instruct the Plough-mans toil.
Verse was the language of the gods of old,
In which their sacred Oracles were told:
In Verse were the first rules of vertue taught,
And Doctrine thence, as now from Pulpits sought:
By Verse some have the love of Princes gain'd,
Who oft vouchsafe so to be entertain'd,
And with a Muse their weighty cares unbend.
Then think it no disparagement, dear Sir,
To own your self a Member of that Quire,
Whom Kings esteem, and Heaven does inspire.
Concerning Poets there has been contest,
Whether they're made by Art, or Nature best:
But if I may presume in this Affair,
Amongst the rest my judgment to declare,
No Art without a Genius will avail,
And Parts without the help of Art will fail:
But both ingredients joyntly must unite
To make the happy Character complete.

None at *New-market* ever won the Prize,
But us'd his Airings, and his Exerciſe,
His Courſes and his Diets long before,
And Wine, and Women for a time forbore:
Nor is there any Singing-man, we know,
Of good Repute in either *Chappel* now,
But was a Learner once (he'l freely own)
And by long Practice to that Skill has grown:
But each conceited Dunce, without pretence
To the leaſt grain of Learning, Parts, or ſenſe,
Or any thing but harden'd impudence,
Sets up for Poetry, and dares engage
With all the topping Writers of the Age:
"*Why ſhould not he put in among ſt the reſt?*
"*Damn him! he ſcorns to come behind the beſt:*
"*Declares himſelf a Wit, and vows to drive*
"*On the next man, who e're diſowns him ſo.*
Scriblers of Quality who have Eſtate,
To gain applauding Fools at any rate,
Practiſe as many tricks as Shop-keepers
To force a Trade, and put off naughty wares:

Some hire the Houſe their Follies to expoſe,
And are at charge to be ridiculous:
Others with Wine, and Ordinaries treat
A needy Rabble to cry up their Wit:
'Tis ſtrange, that ſuch ſhould the true diff'rence find
Betwixt a ſpunging Knave and faithful Friend.
Take heed how you e're proſtitute your ſence
To ſuch a fawning crew of Sycophants:
All ſigns of being pleas'd the Rogues will feign,
Wonder, and bleſs themſelves at every line,
Swearing, "*'Tis ſoft! 'tis charming! 'tis Divine!*
Here they'l look pale, as if ſurpriz'd, and there
In a diſguiſe of grief ſqueeze out a tear:
Oft ſeem tranſported with a ſudden joy,
Stamp and lift up their hands in extaſie:
But, if by chance your back once turn'd appear,
You'l have 'em ſtrait put out their tongues in jeer,
Or point, or gibe you with a ſcornful ſneer.
As they who truly grieve at Funerals, ſhew
Leſs outward ſorrow than hir'd mourners do;

So true Admirers leſs concernment wear
Before your face than the ſham-Flatterer.
They tell of Kings, who never would admit
A Confident, or boſom-Favourite,
Till ſtore of Wine had made his ſecrets float,
And by that means they'd found his temper out:
'Twere well if Poets knew ſome way like this;
How to diſcern their friends from enemies.
Had you conſulted learned *Ben* of old,
He would your faults impartially have told:
"*This Verſe correction wants* (he would have ſaid)
"*And ſo does this:* If you replied, you had
To little purpoſe ſeveral trials made;
He preſently would bid you ſtrike a daſh
On all, and put in better in the place:
But if he found you once a ſtubborn ſot,
That would not be corrected in a fault;
He would no more his pains and counſel ſpend
On an abandon'd Fool that ſcorn'd to mend,

But bid you in the Devils name go on,
And hug your dear impertinence alone.
A truſty knowing Friend will boldly dare
To give his ſence and judgment, whereſoe're
He ſees a Fault: "*Here, Sir, good faith you're low,*
"*And muſt ſome heightning on the place beſtow:*
"*There, if you mind, the Rhime is harſh, and rough,*
"*And ſhould be ſoften'd to go ſmoothlier off:*
"*Your ſtrokes are here of Varniſh left too bare,*
"*Your Colours there too thick laid on appear:*
"*Too Metaphor is coarſe, that Phraſe not pure,*
"*This Word improper, and that ſence obſcure.*
In fine, you'l find him a ſtrict Cenſurer,
That will not your leaſt negligences ſpare
Through a vain fear of diſobliging you:
They are but ſlight, and trivial things, 'tis true:
Yet theſe ſame Trifles (take a Poets word)
Matter of high importance will afford,

When e're by means of them you come to be
Expos'd to Laughter, Scorn, and Infamy.

Not thoſe with *Lord have mercy* on their doors,
Venom of Adders, or infected Whores,
Are dreaded worſe by men of ſence, and Wit,
Than a mad Scribler in his raving fit:
Like Dog, whoſe tail is pegg'd into a bone,
The hooting Rabble all about the Town,
Purſue the Cur, and pelt him up and down.
Should this poor Frantick, as he paſt along,
Intent on's Rhiming work amidſt the throng,
Into *Fleet-Ditch*, or ſome deep Cellar fall,
And till he rent his throat for ſuccor bawl,
No one would lend an helping hand at call:
For who (the Plague!) could gueſs at his deſign,
Whether he did not for the nonce drop in?
I'd tell you, Sir, but queſtionleſs you've heard
Of the odd end of a *Sicilian* Bard:
Fond to be deem'd a god, this fool (it ſeems)
In's fit leapt headlong into *Ætna*'s Flames.

Troth,

Troth, I could be content an Act might paſs,
Such Poets ſhould have leave, when e're they pleaſe,
To die, and rid us of our Grievances:
A God's name let 'em hang, or drown, or chooſe
What other way they will themſelves diſpoſe,
Why ſhould we life againſt their wills impoſe?
Might that ſame fool I mention'd, now revive,
He would not be reclaim'd, I dare believe,
But ſoon be playing his old freaks again,
And ſtill the ſame capricious hopes retain.
'Tis hard to gueſs, and harder to alledg
Whether for Parricide, or Sacriledg,
Or ſome more ſtrange, unknown, and horrid crime,
Done in their own, or their Fore-fathers time,
Theſe ſcribling Wretches have been damn'd to Rhime:
But certain 'tis, for ſuch a crack-brain'd race
Bedlam, or *Hogsdon* is the fitteſt place:
Without their Keepers you had better chooſe
To meet the Lions of the *Tower* broke looſe,

Than

Than theſe wild ſavage Rhymers in the ſtreet,
Who with their Verſes worry all they meet:
In vain you would releaſe your ſelf; ſo cloſe
The Leeches cleave, that there's no getting looſe.
Remorſleſs they to no entreaties yield,
Till you are with inhumane non-ſenſe kill'd.

An

An imitation of HORACE.

Book I. Satyr IX.

Written in *June*, 1681.

Iham fortè viâ ſacrâ, &c.

AS I was walking in the *Mall* of late,
Alone, and muſing on I know not what;
Comes a familiar Fop, whom hardly I
Knew by his name, and rudely ſeizes me:
Dear Sir, I'm mighty glad to meet with you:
And pray, how have you done this Age, or two?
"*Well I thank God* (ſaid I) *as times are now:*
"*I wiſh the ſame to you.* And ſo paſt on,
Hoping with this the Coxcomb would be gone.

But

But when I ſaw I could not thus get free;
I ask'd, what buſineſs elſe he had with me?
Sir (anſwer'd he) *if Learning, Parts, or Sence*
Merit your friendſhip; I have juſt pretence.
" *I honor you* (ſaid I) *upon that ſcore,*
" *And ſhall be glad to ſerve you to my power.*
Mean time, wild to get looſe, I try all ways
To ſhake him off: Sometimes I walk apace,
Sometimes ſtand ſtill: I frown, I chafe, I fret,
Shrug, turn my back, as in the *Baigno*, ſweat:
And ſhew all kind of ſigns to make him gueſs
At my impatience, and uneaſineſs.
" *Happy the folk in* Newgate! (whiſper'd I)
" *Who, tho in Chains are from this torment free:*
" *Wou'd I were like rough* Manly *in the Play,*
" *To ſend Impertinents with kicks away!*
He all the while baits me with tedious chat,
Speaks much about the drought, and how the rate
Of Hay is rais'd, and what it now goes at:
Tells me of a new Comet at the *Hague*,
Portending God knows what, a Dearth, or Plague:

Names

Names every Wench, that paſſes through the Park,
How much ſhe is allow'd, and who the Spark,
That keeps her: points, who lately got a Clap,
And who at the *Groom-Porters* had ill hap
Three nights ago in play with ſuch a Lord:
When he obſerv'd, I minded not a word,
And did no anſwer to his traſh afford;
Sir, I perceive you ſtand on Thorns (ſaid he)
And fain would part: but, faith, it muſt not be:
Come, let us take a Bottle. (I cried) "*No*;
"*Sir, I am in a Courſe, and dare not now.*
Then tell me whether you deſign to go:
I'll wait upon you. "*Oh! Sir, 'tis too far:*
"*I viſit croſs the Water: therefore ſpare*
"*Your needleſs trouble. Trouble! Sir, 'tis none:*
'Tis more by half to leave you here alone.
I have no preſent buſineſs to attend,
At leaſt which I'll not quit for ſuch a Friend:
Tell me not of the diſtance: for I vow,
I'll cut the Line, double the Cape for you,

Good

Good faith, I will not leave you: make no words:
Go you to Lambeth: *Is it to my* Lords?
His Steward I moſt intimately know,
Have often drunk with his Comptroller too.
By this I found my wheadle would not paſs,
But rather ſerv'd my ſuff'rings to increaſe:
And ſeeing 'twas in vain to vex, or fret,
I patiently ſubmitted to my fate.
Strait he begins again: *Sir, if you knew*
My worth but half ſo throughly as I do;
I'm ſure, you would not value any Friend,
You have, like me: but that I won't commend
My ſelf, and my own Talents; I might tell
How many ways to wonder I excel.
None has a greater gift in Poetry,
Or writes more Verſes with more eaſe than I:
I'm grown the envy of the men of Wit,
I kill'd ev'n Rocheſter *with grief, and ſpight:*
Next for the Dancing part I all ſurpaſs,
St. Andrew *never mov'd with ſuch a grace:*

And 'tis well known, when e're I ſing, or ſet,
Humphreys, *nor* Blow *could ever match me yet.*

Here I got room to interrupt: "*Have you*
"*A Mother, Sir, or Kindred living now?*
Not one: they are all dead. "*Truth, ſo I gueſt:*
"*The happier they* (ſaid I) *who are at reſt.*
"*Poor I am only left unmurder'd yet:*
"*Haſt, I beſeech you, and diſpatch me quite:*
"*For I am well convinc'd, my time is come:*
"*When I was young, a Gypſie told my doom:*
This Lad (ſaid ſhe, and look'd upon my hand)
Shall not by Sword, or Poiſon come to's end,
Nor by the Fever, Dropſie, Gout, or Stone,
But he ſhall die by an eternal Tongue:
Therefore, when he's grown up, if he be wiſe,
Let him avoid great Talkers, I adviſe.

By this time we were got to *Weſtminſter*,
Where he by chance a Trial had to hear,
And, if he were not there, his Cauſe muſt fall:
Sir, if you love me, ſtep into the Hall.

For one half hour. " *The Devil take me now,*
" Said I) *if I know any thing of Law:*
" *Beſides I told you whither I'm to go.*
Hereat he made a ſtand, pull'd down his Hat
Over his eyes, and mus'd in deep debate:
I'm in a ſtraight (ſaid he) *what I ſhall do:*
Whether forſake my buſineſs, Sir, or you.
" *Me by all means* (ſay I) *No* (ſays my Sot)
I fear you'l take it ill, if I ſhould do't:
I'm ſure, you will. " *Not I, by all that's good.*
But I've more breeding, than to be ſo rude.
" Pray, don't neglect your own concerns for me:
" *Your Cauſe good Sir! My Cauſe be damn'd* (ſays he)
I value't leſs than your dear Company.
With this he came up to me, and would lead
The way; I ſneaking after hung my head.

Next he begins to plague me with the *Plot*,
Asks, whether I were known to *Oats* or not?
" *Not I, 'thank Heaven! I no Prieſts have ſeen:*
" *Have never* Doway, *nor* St. Omers *ſeen.*

What think you, Sir? will they Fitz-Harris *try?*
Will he die, think you? Yes, most certainly.
I mean, be hang'd. "*Would thou wert so* (wish'd I.)
Religion came in next; tho he'd no more
Than the *French* King, his Punk, or Confessor.
Oh! the sad times, if once the King should die!
Sir, are you not afraid of Popery?
"*No more than my Superiors: why should I?*
"*I've no Estate in Abby-Lands to lose.*
But Fire, and Faggot, Sir, how like you those?
"*Come* Inquisition, *any thing* (thought I)
"*So Heav'n would bless me to get rid of thee:*
"*But 'tis some comfort, that my Hell is here:*
"*I need no punishment hereafter fear.*
Scarce had I thought, but he falls on anew
How stands it, Sir, betwixt his Grace, and you?
"*Sir, he's a man of sense above the Crowd,*
"*And shuns the Converse of a Multitude.*
Ay, Sir, (says he) *you're happy, who are near*
His Grace, and have the favour of his ear:

But let me tell you, if you'l recommend
This perſon here, your point will ſoon be gain'd.
Gad, Sir, I'll die, if my own ſingle Wit
Don't Fob his Minions, and diſplace 'em quite,
And make your ſelf his only Favourite.
" *No, you are out abundantly* (ſaid I)
" *We live not, as you think: no Family*
" *Throughout the whole three Kingdoms is more free*
" *From thoſe ill Cuſtoms, which are us'd to ſwarm*
" *In great mens houſes; none e're does me harm,*
" *Becauſe more Learned, or more rich, than I:*
" *But each man keeps his Place, and his Degree.*
'Tis mighty ſtrange (ſays he) *what you relate,*
" *But nothing truer, take my word for that.*
You make me long to be admitted too
Amongſt his Creatures: Sir, I beg, that you
Will ſtand my Friend: Your Intereſt is ſuch,
You may prevail, I'm ſure, you can do much.
He's one, that may be won upon, I've heard,
Tho at the firſt approach acceſs be hard.

I'll ſpare no trouble of my own, or Friends,
No coſt in Fees, and Bribes to gain my ends:
I'll ſeek all opportunities to meet
With him, accoſt him in the very ſtreet:
Hang on his Coach, and wait upon him home,
Fawn, Scrape and Cringe to him, nay to his Groom.
Faith, Sir, this muſt be done, if we'll be great:
Preferment comes not at a cheaper rate.

While at this Savage rate he worried me;
By chance a Doctor, my dear Friend came by,
That knew the Fellow's humor paſſing well:
Glad of the ſight, I joyn him; we ſtand ſtill:
Whence came you, Sir? and whither go you now?
And ſuch like queſtions paſt betwixt us two:
Strait I begin to pull him by the ſleeve,
Nod, wink upon him, touch my Noſe, and give
A thouſand hints, to let him know, that I
Needed his help for my delivery:
He, naughty Wag, with an arch ſleering ſmile
Seems ignorant of what I mean the while:

I grow ſtark wild with rage. "*Sir, ſaid not you,*
"*You'd ſomewhat to diſcourſe, not long ago,*
"*With me in private? I remember't well:*
Some other time, be ſure, I will not fail:
Now I am in great haſt upon my word:
A Meſſenger came for me from a Lord,
That's in a bad condition, like to die.
"*Oh! Sir, he can't be in a worſe, than I:*
"*Therefore for Gods ſake do not ſtir from hence.*
Sweet Sir! your pardon: 'tis of conſequence:
I hope you're kinder than to preſs my ſtay,
Which may be Heav'n knows what out of my way.
This ſaid, he left me to my murderer:
Seeing no hopes of my relief appear;
"*Confounded be the Stars* (ſaid I) *that ſway'd*
"*This fatal day! would I had kept my Bed*
"*With ſickneſs, rather than been viſited*
"*With this worſe Plague! what ill have I e're done*
"*To pull this curſe, this heavy Judgment down?*
While I was thus lamenting my ill hap,
Comes aid at length: a brace of Bailiffs clap

The

The Rascal on the back: " *Here take your Fees,*
" *Kind Gentlemen* (said I) *for my release.*
He would have had me Bail. " *Excuse me, Sir,*
" *I've made a Vow ne're to be surety more:*
" *My Father was undone by't heretofore.*

Thus I got off, and blest the Fates that he
Was Pris'ner made, I set at liberty.

Paraphraſe upon

HORACE.

Book I. Ode XXXI.

Quid dedicatum poſcit Apollinem
Vates? &c.———

I.

WHat does the Poet's modeſt Wiſh require?
What Boon does he of gracious Heav'n deſire?
Not the large Crops of *Eſham's* goodly Soil,
Which tire the Mower's, and the Reaper's toil:
Not the ſoft Flocks, on hilly *Cotſwold* fed,
Nor *Lemſter* Fields with living Fleeces clad:
He does not ask the Grounds, where gentle *Thames*,
Or *Severn* ſpread their fat'ning Streams.

Where

Where they with wanton windings play,
And eat their widen'd Banks insensibly away:
He does not ask the Wealth of *Lombard-street*,
Which Consciences, and Souls are pawn'd to get.
Nor those exhaustless Mines of Gold,
Which *Guinny* and *Peru* in their rich bosoms hold.

2.

Let those that live in the *Canary* Isles,
On which indulgent Nature ever smiles,
Take pleasure in their plenteous Vintages,
And from the juicy Grape its racy Liquor press:
Let wealthy Merchants, when they Dine,
Run o're their costly names of Wine,
Their Chests of *Florence*, and their *Mont-Alchine*,
Their *Mants*, *Champagns*, *Chablees*, *Frontiniacks* tell,
Their Aums of *Hock*, of *Backrag* and *Mosselle*:
He envies not their Luxury
Which they with so much pains, and danger buy:

For which ſo many Storms, and Wrecks they bear,

For which they paſs the *Streights* ſo oft each year,

And ſcape ſo narrowly the Bondage of *Argier*.

3.

He wants no *Cyprus* Birds, nor *Ortolans*,

Nor Dainties fetch'd from far to pleaſe his Sence,

Cheap wholſom Herbs content his frugal Board,

The Food of unſain Innocence,

Which the mean'ſt Village Garden does afford:

Grant him, kind Heav'n, the ſum of his deſires,

What Nature, not what Luxury requires:

He only does a Competency claim,

And, when he has it, wit to uſe the ſame:

Grant him ſound Health, impair'd by no Diſeaſe,

Nor by his own Exceſs:

Let him in ſtrength of Mind, and Body live,

But not his Reaſon, nor his Senſe ſurvive:

His

His Age (if Age he e're muſt live to ſee)
Let it from want, Contempt, and Care be free.
But not from Mirth, and the delights of Poetry.
Grant him but this, he's amply ſatisfi'd,
And ſcorns whatever Fate can give beſide,

Para-

Paraphraſe upon

HORACE.

Book II. Ode XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Poſthume, Poſthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.——

I.

ALas! dear Friend, alas! time haſts away,
Nor is it in our pow'r to bribe its ſtay:
The rolling years with conſtant motion run,
Lo! while I ſpeak, the preſent minute's gone,
And following hours urge the foregoing on.
'Tis not thy Wealth, 'tis not thy Power,
'Tis not thy Piety can thee ſecure:
They're all too feeble to withſtand
Grey Hairs, approaching Age, and thy avoidleſs end.

When

When once thy fatal Glaſs is run,
When once thy utmoſt Thred is ſpun,
'Twill then be fruitleſs to expect Reprieve:
Could'ſt thou ten thouſand Kingdoms give
In purchaſe for each hour of longer life,
They would not buy one gaſp of breath,
Not move one jot inexorable Death.

2.

All the vaſt ſtock of humane Progeny,
Which now like ſwarms of Inſects crawl
Upon the Surface of Earth's ſpacious Ball,
Muſt quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels buried lie.
The mightieſt King, and proudeſt Potentate,
In ſpight of all his Pomp, and all his State,
Muſt pay this neceſſary Tribute unto Fate.
The buſie, reſtleſs *Monarch* of the times, which now
Keeps ſuch a pother, and ſo much ado
To fill Gazettes alive,
And after in ſome lying Annal to ſurvive;

Ev'n He, ev'n that great mortal Man must die,

And stink, and rot as well as thou, and I,

As well as the poor tatter'd wretch, that begs his bread,

And is with Scraps out of the Common Basket fed.

3.

In vain from dangers of the bloody Field we keep,

In vain we scape

The sultry *Line*, and stormy *Cape*,

And all the treacheries of the faithless Deep:

In vain for health to forein Countries we repair,

And change our *English* for *Montpellier* Air,

In hope to leave our fears of dying there:

In vain with costly far-fetch'd Drugs we strive

To keep the wasting vital Lamp alive:

In vain on Doctors feeble Art rely;

Against resistless Death there is no remedy:

Both we, and they for all their skill must die,

And fill alike the Bedrols of Mortality.

4. Thou

4.

Thou muſt, thou muſt reſign to Fate, my Friend,
And leave thy Houſe, thy Wife, and Family behind:
Thou muſt thy fair, and goodly Mannors leave,
Of theſe thy Trees thou ſhalt not with thee take,
Save juſt as much as will thy Coffin make:
Nor wilt thou be allow'd of all thy Land, to have,
But the ſmall pittance of a ſix-foot Grave.
Then ſhall thy prodigal young Heir
Laviſh the Wealth, which thou for many a year
Haſt hoarded up with ſo much pains and care:
Then ſhall he drain thy Cellars of their Stores,
Kept ſacred now as Vaults of buried Anceſtors:
Shall ſet th' enlarged Butts at liberty,
Which there cloſe Pris'ners under durance lie,
And waſh theſe ſtately Floors with better Wine
Than that of conſecrated Prelates when they dine.

The PRAISE of HOMER.

ODE.

1.

HAil God of Verſe! pardon that thus I take
in vain
Thy ſacred, everlaſting Name,
And in unhallow'd Lines blaſpheme:
Pardon that with ſtrange Fire thy Altars I profane
Hail thou! to whom we mortal Bards our Faith
ſubmit,
Whom we acknowledg our ſole Text, and holy
Writ:
None other Judg infallible we own,
But Thee, who art the Canon of authentick Wit
alone.

Thou art the unexhausted Ocean, whence
Sprung first, and still do flow th' eternal Rills of
sence:
To none but Thee our Art Divine we owe,
From whom it had its Rise, and full Perfection too.
Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever do'st supply
Throughout the world the whole Poetick Com-
pany:
With thy vast stock alone they traffick for a
name,
And send their glorious Ventures out to all the
Coasts of Fame.

2.

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who fasten'd that unjust Reproach on Thee?
Who can the senseless Tale believe?
Who can to the false Legend credit give?
Or think thou wantedst sight, by whom all others
see?
What Land, or Region, how remote so e're,
Does not so well describ'd in thy great Draughts
appear.

That each thy native Country ſeems to be,
And each t'have been ſurvey'd, and meaſur'd out by Thee?
Whatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear;
What e're the ſpacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main;
Is by thy skilful Pencil ſo exactly ſhown,
We ſcarce diſcern where Thou, or Nature beſt has drawn.
Nor is thy quick all-piercing Eye
Or check'd, or bounded here;
But farther does ſurpaſs, and farther does deſcry:
Beyond the Travels of the Sun, and Year,
Beyond this glorious Scene of ſtarry Tapeſtry,
Where the vaſt Purlieus of the Sky,
And boundleſs waſt of Nature lies,
Thy Voyages thou mak'ſt, and bold Diſcoveries.
What there the Gods in Parliament debate,
What Votes, or Acts i'th' Heav'nly Houſes paſs,
By Thee ſo well communicated was;

As if thou'dſt been of that Cabal of State,
As if Thou hadſt been ſworn the Privy-Counſellor of Fate.

3.

What Chief, who does thy Warrior's great Exploits ſurvey,
Will not aſpire to Deeds as great as they?
What generous Readers would he not inſpire
With the ſame gallant Heat, the ſame ambitious Fire?
Methinks from *Ida*'s top with noble Joy I view
The warlike Squadrons by his daring Conduct led,
I ſee th' immortal Hoſt engaging on his ſide,
And him the bluſhing Gods out-do.
Where e're he does his dreadful Standards bear,
Horror ſtalks in the Van, and Slaughter in the Rere.
Whole Swarths of Enemies his Sword does mow,
And Limbs of mangled Chiefs his paſſage ſtrow,
And Floods of reeking Gore the Field o're-flow:

While Heaven's dread Monarch from his Throne of State,
With high concern upon the Fight looks down,
And wrinkles his majeſtick Brow into a Frown,
To ſee bold Man, like him, diſtribute Fate.

4.

While the great *Macedonian* Youth in Non-age grew,
Not yet by Charter of his years ſet free
From Guardians, and their ſlaviſh tyranny,
No Tutor, but the Budg Philoſophers he knew:
And well enough the grave, and uſeful Tools
Might ſerve to read him Lectures, and to pleaſe
With unintelligible Jargon of the Schools,
And airy Terms and Notions of the Colleges:
They might the Art of Prating, and of Brawling teach,
And ſome inſipid Homilies of Vertue preach:
But when the mighty Pupil had outgrown
Their muſty Diſcipline, when manlier Thoughts poſſeſt
His generous Princely Breaſt,

Now

Now ripe for Empire, and a Crown,
And fill'd with lust of Honor, and Renown;
He then learnt to contemn
The despicable things, the men of Flegm:
Strait he to the dull Pedants gave release,
And a more noble Master strait took place:
Thou, who the *Grecian* Warriour so could'st praise,
As might in him just envy raise,
Who (one would think) had been himself too high
To envy any thing of all Mortality,
'Twas thou that taught'st him Lessons loftier far,
The Art of Reigning, and the Art of War:
And wondrous was the Progress, which he made,
While he the Acts of thy great Pattern read:
The world too narrow for his boundless Conquests grew,
He Conquer'd one, and wish'd, and wept for new:
From thence he did those Miracles produce,
And Fought, and Vanquish'd by the Conduct of a Muse.

5.

No wonder rival Nations quarrel'd for thy Birth,
A Prize of greater and of higher worth
Than that which led whole *Greece*, and *Aſia* forth,
That's that, for which thy mighty Hero fought,
And *Troy* with ten years War, and its Deſtruction bought.

Well did they think it noble to have bore that Name,
Which the whole world would with ambition claim:
Well did they Temples raiſe
To Thee, at whom Nature her ſelf ſtood in amaze,
A work, ſhe never tried to mend, nor cou'd,
In which miſtaking Man, by chance ſhe form'd a God.

How gladly would our willing *Iſle* reſign
Her fabulous *Arthur*, and her boaſted *Conſtantine*,
And half her Worthies of the *Norman* Line,
And quit the honor of their Births to be enſur'd to Thine?

How juſtly might it the wiſe choice approve,
Prouder in this than *Crete* to have brought forth Almighty *Jove*?

6. Un-

6.

Unhappy we, thy *Britiſh* Off-ſpring here,
Who ſtrive by thy great Model Monuments to rear:
In vain for worthleſs Fame we toil,
That's pent in the ſtrait limits of a narrow *Iſle:*
In vain our Force, and Art we ſpend
With noble labors to enrich our Land,
Which none beyond our Shores vouchſafe to underſtand.
Be the fair ſtructure ne'r ſo well deſign'd,
The parts with ne'r ſo much proportion joyn'd;
Yet forein Bards (ſuch is their Pride, or Prejudice)
All the choice Workmanſhip for the Materials ſake deſpiſe.
But happier thou thy Genius didſt diſpence
In Language univerſal as thy ſence:
All the rich Bullion, which thy Sovereign Stamp does wear
On every Coaſt of Wit does equal value bear,
Allow'd by all, and currant every where.

No Nation yet has been ſo barbarous found,
Where thy tranſcendent Worth was not renown'd.
Throughout the World thou art with Wonder read,
Where ever Learning does its Commerce ſpread,
Where ever Fame with all her Tongues can ſpeak,
Where ever the bright God of Wit does his vaſt Journies take.

7.

Happy above Mankind that envied Name,
Which Fate ordain'd to be thy glorious Theme:
What greater Gift could bounteous Heaven beſtow
On its chief Favourite below?
What nobler Trophy could his high Deſerts befit,
Than theſe thy vaſt erected Pyramids of Wit?
Not Statues caſt in ſolid Braſs,
Nor thoſe, which Art in breathing Marble does expreſs,
Can boaſt an equal Life, or laſtingneſs

With

With their well-poliſh'd Images, which claim
A Nich in thy majeſtick Monuments of Fame.
Here their embalm'd incorruptible memories
Can proudeſt *Louvres*, and *Eſcurials* deſpiſe,
And all the needleſs helps of *Ægypts* coſtly Vanities.
No Blaſts of Heaven, or Ruin of the Spheres,
Not all the waſhing Tides of rolling years,
Nor the whole Race of batt'ring time ſhall e're wear out
The great Inſcriptions, which thy Hand has wrought.
Here thou, and they ſhall live, and bear an endleſs date,
firm, as enroll'd in the eternal Regiſter of Fate.
For ever curſt be that mad *Emperor*,
(And curſt enough he is be ſure)
May future Poets on his hated Name
Shed all their Gall, and fouleſt Infamy,
And may it here ſtand branded with eternal ſhame,
Who thought thy Works could mortal be,
And ſought the glorious Fabrick to deſtroy:

In

In this (could Fate permit it to be done)
His damned *Succeſſor* he had out-gone,
Who *Rome* and all its Palaces in Aſhes laid,
And the great Ruins with a Savage Joy ſurvey'd:
He burnt but what might be re-built and richer made,
But had the impious Wiſh ſucceeded here,
'T had raz'd what Age, nor Art could e're repair.
Not that vaſt univerſal Flame,
Which at the final Doom
This beauteous Work of Nature muſt conſume,
And Heav'n and all its Glories in one Urn entomb,
Will burn a nobler, or more laſting Frame:
As firm, and ſtrong as that it ſhall endure,
Through all the Injuries of Time ſecure,
Nor die, till the whole world its Funeral Pile become.

Two Paſtorals out of the Greek.

BION.

A Paſtoral, in Imitation of the Greek *of* Moſchus, *bewailing the Death of the Earl of* ROCHESTER.

MOurn all ye Groves, in darker ſhades be ſeen,
Let Groans be heard, where gentle Winds have been:
Ye *Albion* Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,
And all ye Plants your moiſture ſpend, and die:
Ye melancholy Flowers, which once were Men,
Lament, until you be transform'd agen:
Let every Roſe pale as the Lilly be,
And Winter Froſt ſeize the Anemone:

But thou, O *Hyacinth*, more vigorous grow
In mournful Letters thy fad glory ſhow,
Enlarge thy grief, and flouriſh in thy wo:
For *Bion*, the beloved *Bion*'s dead,
His voice is gone, his tuneful breath is fled.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Mourn ye ſweet Nightingales in the thick Woods,
Tell the ſad news to all the *Britiſh* Floods:
See it to *Iſis*, and to *Cham* convey'd,
To *Thames*, to *Humber*, and to utmoſt *Tweed*:
And bid them waft the bitter tidings on,
How *Bion*'s dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,
And with him all the Art of graceful Song.

Come ye all Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherds Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks, and Springs,
Pine with ſad grief, and droop your ſickly Wings:

In

In doleful notes the heavy loſs bewail,
Such as you ſing at your own Funeral,
Such as you ſung, when your lov'd *Orpheus* fell.
Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,
Tell it to all the *Britiſh* Nymphs and Swains,
And bid them too the diſmal tydings ſpread
Of *Bion*'s fate, of *England*'s *Orpheus* dead,

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain
Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wondring Plain:
Ceaſt are thoſe lays, ceaſt are thoſe ſprightly airs,
That woo'd our Souls into our raviſht Ears:
For which the liſt'ning ſtreams forgot to run,
And Trees lean'd their attentive branches down:
While the glad Hills, loth the ſweet ſounds to loſe,
Lengthen'd in Echoes every heav'nly cloſe.
Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone,
And there to *Lethe*'s Banks reports his moan:

Nothing

Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now
But penſive Herds that for their Maſter low:
Straggling and comfortleſs about they rove,
Unmindful of their Paſture, and their Love.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

For thee, dear Swain, for thee, his much-lov'd Son,
Does *Phœbus* Clouds of mourning black put on:
For thee the *Satyrs* and the ruſtick *Fauns*
Sigh and lament through all the Woods and Lawns:
For thee the *Fairies* grieve, and ceaſe to dance
In ſportful Rings by night upon the Plains:
The water *Nymphs* alike thy abſence mourn,
And all their Springs to tears and ſorrow turn:
Sad *Echo* too does in deep ſilence moan,
Since thou art mute, ſince thou art ſpeechleſs grown:
She finds nought worth her pains to imitate,
Now thy ſweet breath's ſtopt by untimely fate:
Trees drop their Leaves to dreſs thy Funeral,
And all their Fruit before its *Autumn* fall:

Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd head,
And ſcorns to thrive, or live, now thou art dead:
The bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill,
The painful Bees neglect their wonted toil:
Alas! what boots it now their Hives to ſtore
With the rich ſpoils of every plunder'd Flower,
When thou, that waſt all ſweetneſs, art no more?

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ne're did the Dolphins on the lonely Shore
In ſuch loud plaints utter their grief before:
Never in ſuch ſad Notes did *Philomel*
To the relenting Rocks her ſorrow tell:
Ne'r on the Beach did poor *Alcyone*
So weep, when ſhe her floating Lover ſaw:
Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fowl turn'd,
Upon thoſe Waves, where he was drown'd, ſo mourn'd:
Nor did the Bird of *Memnon* with ſuch grief
Bedew thoſe Aſhes, which late gave him life:

As they did now with vying grief bewail,
As they did all lament dear *Bion*'s fall.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

In every Wood, on every Tree, and Buſh
The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thruſh,
And all the feather'd Choire, that us'd to throng
In liſtning Flocks to learn his well-tun'd Song,
Now each in the ſad Conſort bear a part,
And with kind Notes repay their Teachers Art:
Ye Turtles too (I charge you) here aſſiſt,
Let not your murmurs in the crowd be miſt:
To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,
That taught you how to ſing, and how to love.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Whom haſt thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,
That dares aſpire to reach thy matchleſs ſtrain?

Who is there after thee, that dares pretend
Raſhly to take thy warbling Pipe in hand?
Thy Notes remain yet freſh in every ear,
And give us all delight, and all deſpair:
Pleas'd *Echo* ſtill does on them meditate,
And to the whiſtling Reeds their ſounds repeat.
Pan only ere can equal thee in Song,
That task does only to great *Pan* belong:
But *Pan* himſelf perhaps will fear to try,
Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's*
Herſe
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Fair *Galatea* too laments thy death,
Laments the ceaſing of thy tuneful breath:
Oft ſhe, kind Nymph, reſorted heretofore
To hear thy artful meaſures from the ſhore:
Not harſh like the rude *Cyclops* were thy lays,
Whoſe grating ſounds did her ſoft ears diſpleaſe:
Such was the force of thy enchanting tongue,
That ſhe for ever could have heard thy Song,

And chid the hours, that did ſo ſwiftly run,
And thought the Sun too haſty to go down,
Now does that lovely *Nereid* for thy ſake
The Sea, and all her fellow Nymphs forſake:
Penſive upon the Beach, ſhe ſits alone,
And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt gone.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

With thee, ſweet *Bion*, all the grace of Song,
And all the *Muſes* boaſted Art is gone:
Mute is thy Voice, which could all hearts command,
Whoſe pow'r no Sheperdeſs could e're withſtand:
All the ſoft weeping *Loves* about thee moan,
At once their Mothers darling, and their own:
Dearer waſt thou to *Venus* than her *Loves*,
Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,
Than the laſt gaſping Kiſſes, which in death
Adonis gave, and with them gave his breath.

This, *Thames*, ah! this is now the ſecond loſs,
For which in tears thy weeping Current flows:
Spencer, the Muſes glory, went before,
He paſt long ſince to the *Elyſian* ſhore:
For him (they ſay) for him, thy dear-lov'd Son,
Thy Waves did long in ſobbing murmurs groan,
Long fill'd the Sea with their complaint, and moan:
But now, alas! thou do'ſt afreſh bewail,
Another Son does now thy ſorrow call:
To part with either thou alike waſt loth,
Both dear to thee, dear to the fountains both:
He largely drank the rills of ſacred *Cham*,
And this no leſs of *Iſis* nobler ſtream:
He ſung of Hero's, and of hardy Knights
Far-fam'd in Battles, and renown'd Exploits:
This meddled not with bloody Fights, and Wars,
Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmleſs jars,
Loves peaceful combats, and its gentle cares.

Love ever was the ſubject of his lays,
And his ſoft lays did *Venus* ever pleaſe.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Thou, ſacred *Bion*, art lamented more
Than all our tuneful Bards, that dy'd before:
Old *Chaucer*, who firſt taught the uſe of Verſe,
No longer has the tribute of our tears:
Milton, whoſe Muſe with ſuch a daring flight
Led out the warring *Seraphims* to fight:
Bleſt *Cowley* too, who on the banks of *Cham*
So ſweetly ſigh'd his wrongs, and told his flame:
And *He*, whoſe Song rais'd *Cooper*'s Hill ſo high,
As made its glory with *Parnaſſus* vie:
And ſoft *Orinda*, whoſe bright ſhining name
Stands next great *Sappho*'s in the ranks of fame:
All now unwept, and unrelented paſs,
And in our grief no longer ſhare a place:

Bion alone does all our tears engroſs,
Our tears are all too few for *Bion*'s loſs.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Thee all the Herdſmen mourn in gentleſt lays,
And rival one another in thy praiſe:
In ſpreading Letters they engrave thy Name
On every Bark, that's worthy of the fame:
Thy Name is warbled forth by every tongue,
Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherd's Song:
Waller, the ſweet'ſt of living Bards, prepares
For thee his tender'ſt, and his mournful'ſt airs?
And I, the meaneſt of the Britiſh Swains,
Amongſt the reſt offer theſe humble ſtrains?
If I am reckon'd not unbleſt in Song,
'Tis what I ow to thy all-teaching tongue:
Some of thy Art, ſome of thy tuneful breath
Thou didſt by Will to worthleſs me bequeath:

Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,
To me thou didſt thy Pipe, and Skill vouchſafe.

Come all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe,*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Alas! by what ill Fate, to man unkind,
Were we to ſo ſevere a lot deſign'd?
The meaneſt Flowers which the Gardens yield,
The vileſt Weeds, that flouriſh in the Field,
Which muſt ere long lie dead in Winter's Snow,
Shall ſpring again, again more vigorous grow:
Yon Sun, and this bright glory of the day,
Which night is haſting now to ſnatch away,
Shall riſe anew more ſhining and more gay:
But wretched we muſt harder meaſure find,
The great'ſt, the brav'ſt, the witti'ſt of mankind,
When Death has once put out their light, in vain
Ever expect the dawn of Life again:
In the dark Grave inſenſible they lie,
And there ſleep out endleſs eternity.

There thou to ſilence ever art confin'd,
While leſs deſerving Swains are left behind:
So pleaſe the Fates to deal with us below,
They cull out thee, and let dull *Mævius* go:
Mævius ſtill lives; ſtill let him live for me,
He, and his Pipe ſhall ne'r my envy be:
None ere that heard thy ſweet, thy artful tongue,
Will grate their ears with his rough untun'd Song.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

A fierce Diſeaſe, ſent by ungentle Death,
Snatch'd *Bion* hence, and ſtop'd his hallow'd breath:
A fatal damp put out that heav'nly fire,
That ſacred heat which did his breaſt inſpire.
Ah! what malignant ill could boaſt that pow'r,
Which his ſweet voice's magick could not cure?
Ah cruel Fate! how couldſt thou chuſe but ſpare?
How couldſt thou exerciſe thy rigor here?
Would thou hadſt thrown thy Dart at worthleſs me,
And let this dear, this valued life go free:

Better ten thouſand meaner Swains had dy'd,
Than this beſt work of Nature been deſtroy'd.

Come, all ye Muſes, *come, adorn the Shepherd's Herſe*
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verſe.

Ah! would kind Death alike had ſent me hence;
But Grief ſhall do the work, and ſave its pains:
Grief ſhall accompliſh my deſired doom,
And ſoon diſpatch me to *Elyſium*:
There, *Bion*, would I be, there gladly know,
How with thy voice thou charm'ſt the ſhades below.
Sing, Shepherd, ſing one of thy ſtrains divine,
Such as may melt the fierce *Elyſian* Queen:
She once her ſelf was pleas'd with tuneful ſtrains,
And ſung, and danc'd on the *Sicilian* Plains:
Fear not, thy Song ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Fear not, but 'twill the pitying Goddeſs move:
She once was won by *Orpheus* heav'nly lays,

And thine as pow'rful (queſtion not, dear Swain)
Shall bring thee back to theſe glad Hills again.

Ev'n I my ſelf, did I at all excel,
Would try the utmoſt of my voice and skill,
Would try to move the rigid King of Hell.

The

The Lamentation for ADONIS.

Imitated out of the *Greek* of *Bion* of *Smyrna*.

PASTORAL.

I Mourn *Adonis*, fair *Adonis* dead,
He's dead, and all that's lovely, with him fled:
Come all ye Loves, come hither and bemoan
The charming sweet *Adonis* dead and gone:
Rise from thy Purple Bed, and rich Alcove,
Throw off thy gay attire, great Queen of Love:
Henceforth in sad and mournful weeds appear,
And all the marks of grief, and sorrow wear,

And

And tear thy locks, and beat thy panting breaſt,
And cry, *My dear* Adonis *is deceaſt.*

I mourn *Adonis*, the ſoft Loves bemoan
The gentle ſweet *Adonis* dead and gone.

On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
Kill'd by a Savage Boar's unpitying tooth:
In his white thigh the fatal ſtroke is found,
Not whiter was that tooth, that gave the wound:
From the wide wound faſt flows the ſtreaming gore,
And ſtains that skin which was all ſnow before:
His breath with quick ſhort tremblings comes and goes,
And Death his fainting eyes begins to cloſe:
From his pale lips the ruddy colours fled,
Fled, and has left his kiſſes cold and dead:
Yet *Venus* never will his kiſſes leave,
The Goddeſs ever to his lips will cleave:
The kiſs of her dear Youth does pleaſe her ſtill,
But her poor Youth does not the pleaſure feel:
Dead he feels not her love, feels not her grief,
Feels not her kiſs, which might ev'n life retrive.

I mourn

I mourn *Adonis* the ſad Loves bemoan
The comely fair *Adonis* dead and gone.
Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing ſmart,
But deeper far it goes in *Venus* heart:
His faithful Dogs about the Mountain yell,
And the hard fate of their dead Maſter tell:
The troubled Nymphs alike in doleful ſtrains
Proclaim his death through all the Fields and Plains:
But the ſad Goddeſs, moſt of all forlorn,
With love diſtracted, and with ſorrow torn,
Wild in her look, and ruful in her air,
With garments rent, and with diſhevel'd hair,
Through Brakes, through Thickets, and through pathleſs ways,
Through Woods, through Haunts, and Dens of Savages,
Undreſt, unſhod, careleſs of Honor, Fame,
And Danger, flies, and calls on his lov'd name.
Rude Brambles, as ſhe goes, her body tear,
And her cut feet with blood the ſtones beſmear.

She thoughtleſs of the unfelt ſmart flies on,
And fills the Woods, and Vallies with her moan,
Loudly does on the Stars and Fates complain,
And prays them give *Adoni* back again:
But he, alas; the wretched Youth, alas!
Lies cold, and ſtiff, extended on the graſs:
There lies he ſteep'd in gore, there lies he drown'd,
In purple ſtreams, that guſh from his own wound.

All the ſoft band of Loves their Mother mourn,
At once of beauty, and of love forlorn.
Venus has loſt her Lover, and each grace,
That late before in triumph in her face,
By grief chas'd thence, has now forſook the place.
That day which ſnatch'd *Adonis* from her arms,
That day bereft the Goddeſs of her charms.

The Woods and Trees in murmuring ſighs bemoan
The fate of her *Adonis* dead and gone.
The Rivers too, as if they would deplore
His death, with grief ſwell higher than before:

The

The Flowers weep in tears of dreary dew,
And by their drooping heads their ſorrow ſhew:
But moſt the *Cyprian* Queen with ſhrieks, and groans,
Fills all the neighb'ring Hills, and Vales, and Towns:
The poor Adonis *dead!* is all her cry,
Adonis *dead!* ſad *Echo* does reply.

What cruel heart would not the Queen of Love
To melting tears, and ſoft compaſſion move,
When ſhe ſaw how her wretched Lover fell,
Saw his deep wound, ſaw it incurable?
Soon as her eyes his bleeding wound ſurvey'd,
With eager clips ſhe did his limbs invade,
And theſe ſoft, tender, mournful things ſhe ſaid:

" Whither, O whither fli'ſt thou, wretched Boy
" Stay my *Adonis*, ſtay my only joy,
" O ſtay, unhappy Youth, at leaſt till I
" With one kind word beſpeak thee, ere thou die,
" Till I once more embrace thee, till I ſeal
" Upon thy dying lips my laſt farewel

Look

" Look up one minute, give one parting kiſs,
" One kiſs, dear Youth, to dry theſe flowing eyes:
" One kiſs as thy laſt legacy I'd fain
" Preſerve, no God ſhall take it off again.
" Kiſs, while I watch thy ſwimming eye-balls roul,
" Watch thy laſt gaſp, and catch thy ſpringing ſoul.
" I'll ſuck it in, I'll hoard it in my heart,
" I with that ſacred pledg will never part.
" But thou wilt part, but thou art gone, far gone
" To the dark ſhades, and leav'ſt me here alone.
" Thou dy'ſt, but hopeleſs I muſt ſuffer life,
" Muſt pine away with eaſleſs endleſs grief.
" Why was I born a Goddeſs? why was I
" Made ſuch a wretch to want the pow'r to die?
" If I by death my ſorrows might redreſs,
" If the cold Grave could to my pains give eaſe;
" I'd gladly die, I'd rather nothing be
" Than thus condemn'd to immortality:
" In that vaſt empty void, and boundleſs waſt,
" We mind not what's to come, nor what is paſt.

" Of

" Of life, or death we know no difference,
" Nor hopes, nor fears at all affect our ſence:
" But thoſe who are of pleaſure once bereft,
" And muſt ſurvive, are moſt unhappy left:
" To ravenous ſorrow they are left a prey,
" Nor can they ever drive deſpair away.
" Take, cruel *Proſerpine*, take my lov'd Boy,
" Rich with my ſpoils, do thou my loſs enjoy.
" Take him relentleſs Goddeſs, for thy own,
" Never till now waſt thou my envy grown.
" Hard fate! that thus the beſt of things muſt be
" Always the plunder of the Grave, and thee:
" The Grave, and thou now all my hopes engroſs,
" And I for ever muſt *Adonis* loſe.
" Thou'rt dead, alas! alas! my Youth, thou'rt dead
" And with thee all my pleaſures too are fled:
" They're all like fleeting vaniſht dreams paſt ore,
" And nought but the remembrance left in ſtore,
" Of taſted joys ne're to be taſted more:

"With thee my *Ceſtos*, all my charms are gone,
"Thy *Venus* muſt thy abſence ever moan,
"And ſpend the tedious live-long nights alone.
"Ah! heedleſs Boy, why would'ſt thou raſhly chooſe
"Thy ſelf to dang'rous pleaſures to expoſe?
"Why would'ſt thou hunt? why would'ſt thou any more
"Venture with Dogs to chaſe the foaming Boar?
"Thou waſt all fair to mine, to humane eyes,
"But not (alas!) to thoſe wild Savages.
"One would have thought thy ſweetneſs might have charm'd
"The rougheſt kind, the fierceſt rage diſarm'd:
"Mine (I am ſure) it could; but wo is thee!
"All wear not eyes, all wear not breaſts like me.

In ſuch ſad words the Dame her grief did vent,
While the wing'd Loves kept time with her complaint:
As many drops of Blood as from the wound
Of ſlain *Adonis* fell upon the ground,

So many tears, and more you might have told,
That down the cheeks of weeping *Venus* roul'd:
Both tears, and blood to new-born flow'rs give rise,
Hence Roses spring, and thence Anemones.

Cease, *Venus*, in the Woods to mourn thy Love,
Thou'st vented sighs, thou'st lavisht tears enough:
See! Goddess, where a glorious bed of State
Does ready for thy dear *Adonis* wait:
This bed was once the Scene of Love, and Joy,
But now must bear thy wretched, murder'd Boy:
There lies he, like a pale, and wither'd Flower,
Which some rude hand had cropt before its hour:
Yet smiles, and beauties still live in his face,
Which death can never frighten from their place.
There let him lie upon that conscious bed,
Where you loves mysteries so oft have tried:
Where you've enjoy'd so many an happy night,
Each lengthen'd into ages of delight.
There let him lie, there heaps of Flowers strow,
Roses and Lilies store upon him throw,
And myrtle Garlands lavishly bestow:

Pour

Pour Myrrh, and Balm, and costliest Oyntments on,
Flowers are faded, Ointments worthless grown,
Now thy *Adonis*, now thy Youth is gone,
Who was all sweetnesses compriz'd in one.
In Purple wrapt, *Adonis* lies in state,
A troop of mourning Loves about him wait:
Each does some mark of their kind sorrow show,
One breaks his Shafts, t'other unstrings his Bow,
A third upon his Quiver wreaks his hate,
As the sad causes of his hasty fate:
This plucks his bloody garments off, that brings
Water in Vessels from the neighb'ring Springs,
Some wash his Wound, some fan him with their Wings:
All equally their Mothers loss bemoan,
All moan for poor *Adonis* dead and gone.
Sad *Hymen* too the fatal loss does mourn,
His Tapers all to Funeral Tapers turn,
And all his wither'd Nuptial Garlands burn:

His gay, and airy Songs are heard no more,
But mournful Strains, that hopeleſs love deplore.
Nor do the *Graces* fail to bear a part
With wretched *Venus* in her pain and ſmart:
The poor Adonis *dead!* by turns they cry,
And ſtrive in grief the Goddeſs to out-vie.
The *Muſes* too in ſofteſt lays bewail
The hapleſs Youth, and his fled Soul recal:
But all in vain;——ah! numbers are too weak
To call the loſt, the dead *Adonis* back:
Not all the pow'rs of Verſe, or charms of Love
The deaf remorſleſs *Proſerpine* can move.

Ceaſe then, ſad Queen of Love, thy plaints give o're,
Till the next year reſerve thy grief in ſtore:
Reſerve thy Sighs, and tears in ſtore till then,
Then thou muſt ſigh, then thou muſt weep again.

Paraphraſe upon the 137. *Pſalm.*

1.

Ver. 1. FAr from our pleaſant native *Paleſtine*
Where great *Euphrates* with a mighty current flows,
And does in watry limits *Babylon* confine,
Curſt *Babylon!* the cauſe, and author of our woes;
There on the Rivers ſide
Sate wretched, Captive we,
And in ſad Tears bewail'd our miſery,
Tears, whoſe vaſt ſtore increas'd the neighb'ring Tide:
We wept, and ſtrait our grief before us brought
A thouſand diſtant Objects to our thought.
As oft as we ſurvey'd the gliding Stream,
Lov'd *Jordan* did our ſad remembrance claim:
As oft as we th'adjoyning City view'd,
Dear *Sions* razed Walls our Grief renew'd:

We thought on all the Pleaſures of our happy Land,
Late raviſht by a cruel Conqu'rour's hand:
We thought on every piteous, every mournful thing,
That might acceſs to our enlarged ſorrows bring:
2. Deep ſilence told the greatneſs of our Grief,
Of grief too great by Vent to find relief:
Our Harps as mute and dumb, as we,
Hung uſeleſs, and neglected by,
And now and then a broken String would lend a ſigh,
As if with us they felt a ſympathy,
And mourn'd their own, and our Captivity:
The gentle River too, as if compaſſionate grown,
As 'twould its Natives cruelty attone,
As it paſt by, in murmurs gave a pitying Groan.

2.

3. There the proud Conquerors, who gave us Chains,
Who all our ſuff'rings and misfortunes gave,
Did with rude Inſolence our Sorrows brave,
And with inſulting Raillery thus mockd our Pains:

'Pl

Play us (ſaid they) *ſome briſk, and airy ſtrain,*
Such as your Anceſtors were wont to hear
On Shilo's *pleaſant Plain,*
Where all the Virgins met in Dances once a year:
Or one of thoſe,
Which your illuſtrious David *did compoſe,*
While he fill'd Iſrael's *happy Throne,*
Great Soldier, Poet, and Muſician all in one:
Oft (*have we heard*) *he went with Harp in hand,*
Captain of all th' harmonious Band,
And vanquiſht all the Quire with's ſingle skill alone:

4. Forbid it Heav'n! forbid thou great thrice-hallow'd Name,
We ſhould thy Sacred Hymns defame,
Or them with impious ears profane.
No, no, inhumane ſlaves, is this a time
(Oh cruel, and prepoſterous demand!)
When every Joy, and every Smile's a crime,
A Treaſon to our poor unhappy native Land:
Is this a time for ſprightly Airs,
When every look the Badg of ſorrow wears,

And Livery of our Miſeries,
Sad miſeries that call for all our Breath in ſighs,
And all the Tribute of our eyes,
And moiſture of our Veins our very Blood in tears?
When nought can claim our Thoughts, *Jeruſalem*, but thou,
Nought, but thy ſad Deſtruction, Fall, and Overthrow?

3.

5. Oh deareſt City! late our Nations juſteſt Pride!
Envy of all the wond'ring world beſide!
Oh ſacred Temple, once th' Almighty's bleſt abode,
Now quite forſaken by our angry God!
Shall ever diſtant time, or Place
Your firm Ideas from my Soul deface?
Shall they not ſtill take up my Breaſt
As long as that, and Life, and I ſhall laſt?

Grant

Grant Heav'n (nor ſhall my Pray'rs the Curſe withſtand)
That this my learned, skilful hand
(Which now o're all the tuneful ſtrings can boaſt command,
Which does as quick as ready, and unerring prove,
As nature, when it would its joynts or fingers move)
Grant it forget its Art and feeling too,
When I forget to think, to wiſh, to pray for you:
6. For ever tied with Dumbneſs be my tongue,
When it ſpeaks ought that ſhall not to your Praiſe belong,
If that be not the conſtant ſubject of my Muſe, and Song.

4.

7. Remember, Heav'n, remember *Edom* on that day,
And with like ſufferings their ſpight repay,
Who made our Miſeries their cruel Mirth and Scorn,
Who laugh'd to ſee our flaming City burn,
And wiſh'd it might to Aſhes turn:

Raze,

Raze, raze it (was their curſed cry)

Raze all its ſtately Structures down,

And lay its Palaces, and Temple level with the ground,

Till Sion *buried in its diſmal Ruines lie,*

Forgot alike its Place, its Name, and Memory.

8. And thou proud *Babylon!* juſt Object of our Hate,

Thou too ſhalt feel the ſad reverſe of Fate,

Tho thou art now exalted high,

And with thy lofty head o'retopſt the Sky,

As if thou would'ſt the Pow'rs above defie;

Thou (if thoſe Pow'rs (and ſure they will) prove juſt,

If my Prophetick Grief can ought foreſee)

Ere long ſhalt lay that lofty head in duſt,

And bluſh in Blood for all thy preſent Cruelty:

How loudly then ſhall we retort theſe bitter Taunts!

How gladly to the Muſick of thy Fetters dance!

5.

A day will come (oh might I ſee't!) ere long
That ſhall revenge our mighty wrong;
Then bleſt, for ever bleſt be he
Whoever ſhall return on thee
And grave it deep, and pay't with bloody uſury:
May neither aged Groans, nor Infant Cries
Nor piteous Mothers Tears, nor raviſht Virgins Sighs,
Soften thy unrelenting Enemies,
Let them as thou to us inexorable prove.
Nor Age nor Sex their deaf Compaſſion move;
Rapes, Murders, Slaughters, Funerals,
And all thou durſt attempt within our *Sions* Walls,
May'ſt thou endure, and more, till joyful we
Confeſs thy ſelf out-done in artful cruelty.
Bleſt, yea, thrice bleſſed be that barbarous Hand
(Oh grief, that I ſuch dire Revenge commend!)
Who tears out Infants from their Mothers Womb,
And hurls them yet unborn unto their Tomb:

Bleſt

Bleſt he who plucks them from their Parents Arms,

That Sanctuary from all common harms,

Who with their Skulls, and Bones ſhall pave thy ſtreets all o're,

And fill thy glutted Channels with their ſcatter'd Brains and Gore.

Para-

Paraphraſe upon the HYMN of St. AMBROSE.

ODE.

1.

TO Thee, O God, we thy juſt Praiſes ſing,
To Thee we Thy great Name rehearſe:
We are Thy Vaſſals, and this humble Tribute bring
To Thee, acknowledg'd only Lord and King,
Acknowledg'd ſole and Sovereign Monarch of the Univerſe.
All parts of this wide Univerſe adore,
Eternal Father, thy Almighty power:
The Skies, and Stars, Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea,
With all their numerous nameleſs Progeny

Con-

Confeſs, and their due Homage pay to thee;
For why? thou ſpak'ſt the Word, and mad'ſt them
all from Nothing be.
To thée all Angels, all thy glorious Court on
high,
Seraph and Cherub, the Nobility,
And whatſoever Spirits be
Of leſſer Honor, leſs Degree;
To Thee in heav'nly lays
They ſing loud Anthems of immortal Praiſe:
Still Holy, Holy, Holy Lord of Hoſts they cry,
This is their bus'neſs, this their ſole employ,
And thus they ſpend their long and bleſt Eternity.

2.

Farther than Natures utmoſt ſhores and limits
ſtretch
The ſtreams of thy unbounded Glory reach;
Beyond the ſtraits of ſcanty Time, and Place,
Beyond the ebbs and flows of matter's narrow
Seas
They reach, and fill the Ocean of Eternity and
Space.

Infus'd like ſome vaſt mighty ſoul,
Thou do'ſt inform and actuate this ſpacious whole:
Thy unſeen hand does the well-joynted Frame ſuſtain,
Which elſe would to its primitive Nothing ſhrink again.

But moſt thou do'ſt thy Majeſty diſplay
In the bright Realms of everlaſting Day:
There is Thy reſidence, there do'ſt Thou reign,
There on a State of dazling Luſtre ſit,
There ſhine in Robes of pure refined Light;
Where Sun's coarſe Rays are but a Foil and Stain,
And refuſe Stars the ſweepings of thy glorious Train.

3.

There all Thy Family of menial Saints,
Huge Colonies of bleſt Inhabitants,
Which Death through countleſs Ages has tranſplanted hence,
Now on Thy Throne for ever wait,
And fill the large Retinue of thy heav'nly State.

There

There reverend Prophets ſtand, a pompous goodly ſhow,
Of old thy Envoys extraordinary here,
Who brought thy ſacred Embaſſies of Peace and War,
That to th' obedient, this the rebel world below.
By them the mighty Twelve have their abode,
Companions once of the Incarnate ſuff'ring God,
Partakers now of all his Triumphs there,
As they on earth did in his Miſeries ſhare.
Of Martyrs next a crown'd and glorious Quire,
Illuſtrious Heroes, who have gain'd
Through dangers, and Red Seas of Blood the Promis'd Land,
And paſs'd through Ordeal Flames to the Eternity in Fire.
Theſe all make up the Conſort of thy Praiſe,
To Thee they ſing (and never ceaſe)
Loud Hymns, and Hallelujah's of Applauſe:
An Angel-Laureat does the Senſe and Strains compoſe,

Sence far above the reach of mortal Verſe,
Strains far above the reach of mortal ears,
And all, a Muſe unglorified can fancy, or rehearſe.

4.

Nor is this Conſort only kept above,
Nor is it to the Bleſt alone confin'd;
But Earth, and all thy Faithful here are joyn'd,
And ſtrive to vie with them in Duty and in Love:
And, tho they cannot equal Notes and Meaſures raiſe,
Strive to return th' imperfect Echo's of thy Praiſe.
They through all Nations own thy glorious Name,
And every where the great Three-One proclaim,
Thee, Father of the World, and Us, and Him,
Who muſt Mankind, whom Thou didſt make, Redeem.
Thee, bleſſed Saviour, the ador'd, true, onely Son
To Man debas'd, to reſcue Man undone:

And Thee, Eternal, Holy Power,
Who do'ſt by Grace exalted Man reſtore
To all, he loſt by the old Fall, and Sin before:
You bleſt and glorious Trinity,
Riddle to baffled Knowledg and Philoſophy,
Which cannot comprehend the mighty Myſtery
Of numerous One, and the unnumber'd Three:
Vaſt topleſs Pile of Wonders! at whoſe ſight
Reaſon it ſelf turns giddy with the height,
Above the flutt'ring pitch of humane Wit,
And all, but the ſtrong wings of Faith, that Eagle's towring flight.

5.

Bleſt Jeſu! how ſhall we enough adore,
Or thy unbounded Love, or thy unbounded Power?
Thou art the Prince of Heav'n, thou art th' Almighty's Heir,
Thou art th' Eternal Off-ſpring of th' Eternal Sire:
Hail Thou the Worlds Redeemer! whom to free
From bonds of Death ond endleſs miſery,

Thou

Thou thought'ſt it no diſdain to be
Inhabiter in low mortality:
Th' Almighty thought it no diſdain
To dwell in the pure Virgins ſpotleſs Womb,
There did the boundleſs Godhead, and whole Heav'n find room,
And a ſmall point the Circle of Infinity contain.
Hail Ranſom of Mankind, all-great, all-good!
Who didſt attone us with thy Blood,
Thy ſelf the Off-ſpring, Altar, Prieſt, and God:
Thy ſelf didſt die to be our glorious Bail
From Death's Arreſts, and the eternal Flaming Jail:
Thy ſelf thou gav'ſt th' ineſtimable Price,
To Purchaſe and Redeem our morgag'd Heav'n and Happineſs.
Thither, when thy great Work on Earth had end,
When Death it ſelf was ſlain and dead,
And Hell with all its Powers captive led,
Thou didſt again triumphantly Aſcend:

There do'ſt Thou now by Thy great Father ſit on high,
With equal Glory, equal Majeſty,
Joint-Ruler of the everlaſting Monarchy.

6.

Again from thence thou ſhalt with greater Triumph come,
When the laſt Trumpet ſounds the general Doom:
And (lo!) thou com'ſt, and (lo!) the direful ſound does make
Through Deaths wide Realm Mortality awake:
And (lo!) they all appear
At Thy Dread Bar,
And all receive th' unalterable Sentence there.
Affrighted Nature trembles at the diſmal Day,
And ſhrinks for fear, and vaniſhes away:
Both that, and Time breath out their laſt, and now they die,
And now are ſwallow'd up and loſt in vaſt Eternity.

Mercy,

Mercy, O mercy, angry God!

Stop, ſtop thy flaming Wrath, too fierce to be withſtood,

And quench it with the Deluge of thy Blood;

Thy precious Blood which was ſo freely ſpilt

To waſh us from the ſtains of Sin and Guilt:

O write us with it in the Book of Fate

Amongſt thy choſen, and predeſtinate,

Free Denizens of Heav'n, of the Immortal State.

7.

Guide us, O Saviour! guide thy Church below,

Both Way, and Star, Compaſs, and Pilot Thou:

Do thou this frail and tott'ring Veſſel ſteer

Through Life's tempeſtuous Ocean here,

Through all the toſſing Waves of Fear,

And dang'rous Rocks of black Deſpair.

Safe under Thee we ſhall to the wiſh'd Haven move,

And reach the undiſcover'd Lands of Bliſs above.

Thus low (behold!) to thy great Name we bow,

And thus we ever wiſh to grow:

Conſtant, as Time does thy fixt Laws obey,
To Thee our Worſhip and our Thanks we pay:
With theſe we wake the chearful Light,
With theſe we Sleep, and Reſt invite;
And thus we ſpend our Breath, and thus we ſpend our Days,
And never ceaſe to Sing, and never ceaſe to Praiſe.

8.

While thus each Breaſt, and Mouth, and Ear
Are filled with thy Praiſe, and Love, and Fear,
Let never Sin get room, or entrance there:
Vouchſafe, O Lord, through this and all our days
To guard us with Thy pow'rful Grace:
Within our hearts let no uſurping Luſt be found,
No rebel Paſſion tumult raiſe,
To break thy Laws, or break our Peace,
But ſet thy Watch of Angels on the Place,
And keep the Tempter ſtill from that forbidden ground.

Ever,

Ever, O Lord, to us thy mercies grant,
Never, O Lord, let us thy mercies want,
Ne'er want Thy Favour, Bounty, Liberality,
But let them ever on us be,
Conſtant as our own Hope and Truſt on Thee:
On Thee we all our Hope and Truſt repoſe;
O never leave us to our Foes,
Never, O Lord, deſert our Cauſe:
Thus aided and upheld by Thee,
We'll fear no Danger, Death, nor Miſery;
Fearleſs we thus will ſtand a falling world
With cruſhing Ruins all about us hurl'd,
And face wide-gaping Hell, and all its ſlighted Pow'rs defie.

A Letter from the Country to a Friend in Town, giving an Account of the Author's Inclinations to Poetry.

Written in July, 1678.

AS to that *Poet* (if so great a one, as he,
May suffer in comparison with me)
When heretofore in *Scythian* exile pent,
To which he by ungrateful *Rome* was sent.
If a kind Paper from his Country came,
And wore subscrib'd some known, and faithful Name;
That like a pow'rful Cordial, did infuse
New life into his speechless gasping Muse,
And strait his Genius, which before did seem
Bound up in Ice, and frozen as the Clime,
By its warm force, and friendly influence thaw'd,
Dissolv'd apace, and in soft numbers flow'd:

Such

Such welcome here, dear Sir, your Letter had
With me shut up in close constraint as bad:
Not eager Lovers, held in long suspence,
With warmer Joy, and a more tender sence
Meet those kind Lines, which all their wishes bless,
And Sign, and Seal deliver'd Happiness:
My grateful Thoughts so throng to get abroad,
They over-run each other in the crowd:
To you with hasty flight they take their way,
And hardly for the dress of words will stay.
Yet pardon, if this only fault I find,
That while you praise too much, you are less kind:
Consider, Sir, 'tis ill and dang'rous thus
To over-lay a young and tender Muse:
Praise, the fine Diet, which we're apt to love,
If given to excess, does hurtful prove:
Where it does weak, distemper'd Stomachs meet,
That surfeits, which should nourishment create.
Your rich Perfumes such fragrancy dispense,
Their sweetness overcomes, and palls my sence:

On

On my weak head you heap so many Bays,
I sink beneath 'em, quite oppress with Praise,
And a resembling fate with him receive,
Who in too kind a triumph found his Grave,
Smother'd with Garlands, which Applauders gave.

To you these Praises justlier all belong,
By alienating which, your self you wrong:
Whom better can such commendations fit
Than you, who so well teach and practise Wit?
Verse, the great boast of drudging Fools from some,
May most of Scriblers with much straining come:
They void 'em dribling, and in pain they write,
As if they had a Strangury of Wit:
Your Pen uncall'd they readily obey,
And scorn your Ink should flow so fast as they:
Each strain of yours so easie does appear,
Each such a graceful negligence does wear,
As shews you have none, and yet want no care.
None of your serious pains or time they cost,
But what thrown by, you can afford for lost:

If

If such the fruits of your loose leisure be,
Your careless minutes yield such Poetry;
We guess what proofs your Genius would impart,
Did it employ you, as it does divert:
But happy you, more prudent, and more wise,
With better aims have fixt your noble choice.
While silly I all thriving Arts refuse,
And all my hopes, and all my vigor lose,
In service on that worst of Jilts, a Muse,
For gainful business court ignoble ease,
And in gay Trifles waste my ill-spent days,
Little I thought, my dearest Friend, that you
Would thus contribute to my Ruine too:
O're-run with filthy Poetry, and Rhyme,
The present reigning evil of the time,
I lack'd, and (well I did my self assure)
From your kind hand I should receive a cure:
When (lo!) instead of healing Remedies,
You cherish, and encourage the Disease:
Inhumane you help the Distemper on,
Which was before but too inveterate grown.

As

As a kind looker on, who intreſt ſhares,
Tho not in's ſtake, yet in his hopes and fears,
Would to his Friend a puſhing Gameſter do,
Reeal his Elbow when he haſts to throw;
Such a wiſe counſe you ſhould have took with me,
A raſh and vent'ring fool in Poetry.
Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
And wheadles with deluding hopes to win:
But, when they hit, and moſt ſucceſsful are,
They ſcarce come off with a bare ſaving ſhare.
Oft (I remember) did wiſe Friends diſſuade,
And bid me quit the triſling barren Trade.
Oft have I tried (Heav'n knows) to mortifie
This vile, and wicked luſt of Poetry:
But ſtill unconquer'd it remains within,
Fixt as an Habit, or ſome darling Sin.
In vain I better ſtudies there would ſow,
Often I've tried, but none will thrive, or grow:
All my beſt thoughts, when I'd moſt ſerious be,
Are never from its ſoul infection free:

Nay (God forgive me) when I ſay ſay my Prayers,
I ſcarce can help polluting them with Verſe:
That fabulous *Wretch* of old reverſt I ſeem,
Who turn what e're I touch to Droſs and Rhyme.
Oft to divert the wild Caprice, I try
If Sovereign Wiſdom and Philoſophy
Rightly applied, will give a remedy:
Strait the great *Stagyrite* I take in hand,
Seek Nature, and my Self to underſtand:
Much I reflect on his vaſt Worth and Fame,
And much my low, and groveling aims condemn,
And quarrel, that my ill-pack'd fate ſhould be
This vain, this worthleſs thing call'd Poetry:
But when I find this unregarded Toy
Could his important Thoughts, and Pains employ,
By reading there I am but more undone,
And meet that danger, which I went to ſhun.
Oft when ill Humor, Shagrin, Diſcontent
Give leiſure my wild Follies to reſent,
I thus againſt my ſelf my Paſſion vent.

Enough

" Enough, mad rhiming Sot, enough for ſhame,
" Give o're, and all thy Quills to Tooth-picks damn:
" Didſt ever thou the Altar rob, or worſe,
" Kill the Prieſt there, and Maids Receiving force?
" What elſe could merit this ſo heavy Curſe?
" The greateſt curſe, I can, I wiſh on him,
" If there be any greater than to rhime)
" Who firſt did of the lewd invention think,
" Firſt made two lines with ſounds reſembling clink,
" And, ſwerving from the eaſie paths of Proſe,
" Fetters, and Chains did on free Senſe impoſe:
" Curſt too be all the fools, who ſince have went
" Miſled in ſteps of that ill Preſident:
" Want be entail'd their lot:——and on I go,
Wreaking my ſpight on all the jugling Crew:
Scarce the beloved *Cowley* ſcapes, tho I
Might ſooner my own curſes fear, than he:
Aud thus reſolv'd againſt the ſcribling vein,
I deeply ſwear never to write again.

But

But when bad Company and Wine conſpire
To kindle, and renew the fooliſh Fire,
Straitways relaps'd, I feel the raving fit
Return, and ſtrait I all my Oaths forget:
The Spirit, which I thought caſt out before,
Enters again with ſtronger force, and power;
Worſe than at firſt, and tyrannizes more.
No ſober good advice will then prevail,
Nor from the raging Frenzy me recal:
Cool Reaſon's dictates me no more can move
Than men in Drink, in *Bedlam*, or in Love:
Deaf to all means which might moſt proper ſeem
Towards my cure, I run ſtark mad in Rhime:
A ſad poor haunted wretch, whom nothing leſs
Than Prayers of the Church can diſpoſſeſs.

Sometimes, after a tedious day half ſpent,
When Fancy long has hunted on cold Scent,
Tir'd in the dull, and fruitleſs chaſe of Thought,
Deſpairing I grow weary, and give out:
As a dry Lecher pump'd of all my ſtore,
I loath the thing, 'cauſe I can do't no more:

But, when I once begin to find again,
Recruits of matter in my pregnant Brain,
Again more eager I the haunt purſue,
And with freſh vigor the lov'd ſport renew:
Tickled with ſome ſtrange pleaſure, which I find,
And think a ſecreſie to all mankind,
I pleaſe my ſelf with the vain, falſe delight,
And count none happy, but the Fops that write.

'Tis endleſs, Sir, to tell the many ways,
Wherein my poor deluded ſelf I pleaſe:
How, when the Fancy lab'ring for a Birth,
With unfelt Throws brings its rude iſſue forth:
How after, when imperfect ſhapeleſs Thought
Is by the Judgment into Faſhion wrought.
When at firſt ſearch I traverſe o're my mind,
Nought but a dark, and empty Void I find:
Some little hints at length, like ſparks, break thence,
And glimm'ring Thoughts juſt dawning into ſence:
Confus'd a while the mixt Idea's lie,
With nought of mark to be diſcover'd by,

Like

Like colours undiſtinguiſht in the night,
Till the dusk images, mov'd to the light,
Teach the diſcerning Faculty to chuſe,
Which it had beſt adopt, and which refuſe.
Here rougher ſtrokes, touch'd with a careleſs daſh,
Reſemble the firſt ſitting of a face:
There finiſht draughts in form more full appear,
And to their juſtneſs ask no further care.
Mean while with inward joy I proud am grown,
To ſee the work ſucceſsfully go on:
And prize my ſelf in a creating power,
That could make ſomething, what was nought before.

Sometimes a ſtiff, unwieldy thought I meet,
Which to my Laws will ſcarce be made ſubmit:
But, when, after expence of pains and time,
'Tis manag'd well, and taught to yoke in Rhime,
I triumph more, than joyful Warriours wou'd,
Had they ſome ſtout, and hardy Foe ſubdu'd:
And idly think, leſs goes to their Command,
That makes arm'd Troops in well-plac'd order ſtand,

Than to the conduct of my words, when they
March in due ranks, are ſet in juſt array.
Sometimes on wings of Thought I ſeem on high,
As men in ſleep, tho motionleſs they lie,
Fledg'd by a Dream, believe they mount and fly:
So Witches ſome enchanted Wand beſtride,
And think they through the airy Regions ride,
Where Fancy is both Traveller, Way, and Guide:
Then ſtrait I grow a ſtrange exalted thing,
And equal in conceit, at leaſt a King:
As the poor Drunkard, when Wine ſtums his brains,
Anointed with that liquor, thinks he reigns.
Bewitch'd by theſe Deluſions 'tis I write,
(The tricks ſome pleaſant Devil plays in ſpight)
And when I'm in the freakiſh Trance, which I
Fond ſilly wretch, miſtake for Ecſtaſie,
I find all former Reſolutions vain,
And thus recant them, and make new again.
"What was't, I raſhly vow'd? ſhall ever I
"Quit my beloved Miſtreſs, Poetry?

Thou

" Thou ſweet beguiler of my lonely hours,
" Which thus glide unperceiv'd with ſilent courſe:
" Thou gentle Spell, which undiſturb'd do'ſt keep
" My Breaſt, and charm intruding care aſleep:
" They ſay, thou'rt poor, and unendow'd, what tho?
" For thee I this vain, worthleſs world forego:
" Let Wealth, and Honor be for Fortunes ſlaves,
" The Alms of Fools, and prize of crafty Knaves:
" To me thou art, what ere th' ambitious crave,
" And all that greedy Miſers want, or have:
" In Youth, or Age, in Travel, or at Home,
" Here, or in Town, at *London*, or at *Rome*,
" Rich, or a Beggar, free, or in the Fleet,
" What ere my fate is, 'tis my fate to write.

Thus I have made my ſhrifted Muſe confeſs,
Her ſecret Feebles, and her weakneſſes:
All her hid Faults ſhe ſets expos'd to view,
And hopes a gentle Confeſſor in you:

She hopes an eaſie pardon for her ſin,
Since 'tis but what ſhe is not wilful in,
Nor yet has ſcandalous nor open been.
Try if your ghoſtly counſel can reclaim
The heedleſs wanton from her guilt and ſhame:
At leaſt be not ungenerous to reproach
That wretched frailty, which you've help'd debauch.
'Tis now high time to end, for fear I grow
More tedious than old Doaters, when they woo,
Than travel'd Fops, when far-fetch'd lies they prate,
Or flatt'ring Poets, when they dedicate.
No dull forgiveneſs I preſume to crave,
Nor vainly for my tireſom length ask leave:
Leſt I, as often formal Coxcombs uſe,
Prolong that very fault, I would excuſe:
May this the ſame kind welcome find with you,
As yours did here, and ever ſhall; Adieu.

FINIS.

Upon a Printer *that expos'd him by Printing a Piece of his groſly mangled, and faulty.*

DUll, and unthinking! hadſt thou none but me
To plague, and urge to thine own Infamy?
Had I ſome tame, and ſneaking Author been,
Whoſe Muſe to Love, and Softneſs did incline,
Some ſmall Adventurer in Song, that whines
Chloris and *Phyllis* out in charming lines,
Fit to divert mine Hoſteſs, and miſlead
The heart of ſome poor tawdry Waiting-Maid;
Perhaps I might have then forgiven thee,
And thou hadſt ſcap'd from my reſentments free.
But I, whom ſpleen, and manly rage inſpire,
Brook no affront, at each offence take fire:
Born to chaſtiſe the Vices of the Age,
Which Pulpits dare not, nor the very Stage:
Sworn to laſh Knaves of all degrees, and ſpare
None of the kind, however great they are:
Satyr's my only province, and delight,
For whoſe dear ſake alone I've vow'd to write:
For this I ſeek occaſions, court Abuſe,
To ſhew my Parts, and ſignalize my Muſe:
Fond of a Quarrel, as young Bullies are
To make their Mettle, and their Skill appear:
And didſt thou think I would a wrong acquit,
That touch'd my tender'ſt part of Honor, Wit?

No, Villain, may my Sins ne'er pardon'd be
By Heav'n it ſelf, if e'er I pardon thee.
Members from breach of Privilege deter
By threatning *Topham* and a Meſſenger:
Scroggs, and the Brothers of the Coif oppoſe
The force and dint of Statutes, and the Laws:
Strumpets of *Billinſgate* redreſs their wrongs
By the ſole noiſe, and foulneſs of their Tongues:
And I go always arm'd for my defence,
To puniſh, and revenge an inſolence.
I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword,
To each affronting Sot, I meet, the word
Is *Satisfaction*: ſtrait to Thruſts I go,
And pointed Satyr runs him through and through.
Perhaps thou hop'dſt that thy obſcurity
Should be thy ſafeguard, and ſecure thee free:
No, wretch, I mean from thence to fetch thee out,
Like ſentenc'd Felons, to be drag'd about:
Torn, mangled, and expos'd to ſcorn, and ſhame,
I mean to hang, and gibbet up thy Name.
If thou to live in Satyr ſo much thirſt,
Enjoy thy wiſh, and Fame, till envy burſt,
Renown'd, as he, whom baniſh'd *Ovid* curſt:
Or he, whom old *Archilochus* ſo ſtung
In Verſe, that he for ſhame, and madneſs hung:
Deathleſs in infamy, do thou ſo live,
And let my Rage, like his, to Halters drive,
Thou thoughtſt perhaps my Gall was ſpent and gone,
My Venom drain'd, and I a ſenſleſs Drone:
Thou thoughtſt I had no Curſes left in ſtore;
But to thy ſorrow know, and find I've more,

More,

More, and more dreadful yet, able to ſcare,
Like Hell, and urge to Daggers, and Deſpair:
Such, thou ſhalt feel, are ſtill reſerv'd by me,
To vex, and force thee to thy Deſtiny:
Since thou haſt brav'd my vengeance thus; prepare,
And tremble from my Pen thy Doom to hear.
Thou, who with ſpurious Nonſenſe durſt profane
The genuine iſſue of a Poets Brain,
May'ſt thou hereafter never deal in Verſe,
But what hoarſe Bell-men in their Walks rehearſe,
Or *Smithfield* Audience ſung on Crickets hears:
May'ſt thou print *H*—, or ſome duller Aſs,
Jordan, or Him, that wrote *Dutch Hudibraſs*:
Or next vile Scribler of the Houſe, whoſe Play
Will ſcarce for Candles, and their ſnuffing pay:
May you each other Curſe; thy ſelf undone,
And he the laughing-ſtock of all the Town.
May'ſt thou ne'er riſe to Hiſtory, but what
Poor *Grubſtreet* penny Chronicles relate,
Memoirs of *Tyburn*, and the mournful State
Of Cut-purſes in *Holborn* Cavalcade,
Till thou thy ſelf be the ſame ſubject made.
Compell'd by want, may'ſt thou Print Popery,
For which be the Carts Arſe, and Pillory,
Turnips, and rotten Eggs thy deſtiny.
Maul'd worſe than *Reading*, *Chriſtian*, or *Cellier*,
Till thou daub'd o're with loathſom filth, appear
Like Brat of ſome vile Drab in Privy found,
Which there has lain three months in Ordure drown'd.

The Plague of Poets, Rags, and Poverty,
Debts, Writs, Arreſts, and Serjeants light on thee:
For others bound, may'ſt thou to Durance go,
Condemn'd to ſcraps, and begging with a Shoe:
And may'ſt thou never from the Jail get free,
Till thou ſwear out thy ſelf by Perjury:
Forlorn, abandon'd, pityleſs, and poor,
As a pawn'd Cully, or a mortgag'd Whore,
May'ſt thou an Halter want for thy Redreſs,
Forc'd to ſteal Hemp to end thy miſeries,
And damn thy ſelf to balk the Hangmans Fees.
And may no ſaucy Fool have better fate,
That dares pull down the Vengeance of my Hate.

Books

Books Printed for, and ſold by Joſeph Hindmarſh, *at the Black Bull in* Cornhil, *over againſt the* Royal Exchange.

Reliquiæ Raleighanæ; being Diſcourſes and Sermons on ſeveral ſubjects. By the Reverend Dr. *Walter Raleigh*, Dean of *Wells*, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his late Majeſty King *Charles* the Firſt.

Sermons upon Faith and Providence, and other Subjects. By the late Reverend *William Outram*, D. D. Prebend of *Weſtminſter*, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majeſty.

Loyalty and Peace; or, two ſeaſonable Diſcourſes from 1 *Sam.* 24. 5. (*viz.*) *David*'s Heart ſmote him, becauſe he cut off *Saul*'s Skirts: The firſt of Conſcience and its Smiting. The ſecond of the prodigious impiety of Murthering King *Charles* the Firſt: Intended to promote ſincere Devotion and Humiliation upon each Anniverſary Faſt for the late Kings Death.

The good Old Way, or a Diſcourſe offered to all true hearted Proteſtants concerning the Ancient Way of the Church, and the Conformity of the Church of *England* thereunto, as to its Government, Manner of Worſhip, Rites and Cuſtoms: By *Edward Pelling*, Rector of St. *Martin Ludgate*, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of *Somerſet*.

An impartial account of the Arraignment, Tryal, and Condemnation of *Thomas* late Earl of *Strafford*, and Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, before the Parliament at *Weſtminſter*, *Anno Dom.* 1641.

The Loyal Citizen revived: A Speech made by Alderman *Garroway*, at a Common Hall on *Thurſday*, the 17th. of *January*, 1642. upon occaſion of a Speech delivered there the *Friday* before, by Mr. *Pym*, at the reading of his Majeſties anſwer to the late Petition.

The Hiſtory of the Civil Wars of *France*. Written in Italian by *H. C. D' Avila*, tranſlated out of the Original. The Second Impreſſion, whereunto is added a Table.

The unfortunate Heroes; or, the adventures of ten Famous men, *viz. Ovid*, *Lentulus*, *Hortenſius*, *Herennius*, *Cepion*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Cornelius Gallus*, *Craſſus*, *Agrippa*; Baniſhed from the Court of *Anguſtus Cæſar*. In ten Novels. Compoſed by that great Wit of *France*, *Monſieur de Villa Dieu*. Engliſhed by a Gentleman for his diverſion.

47/04